HISTORY HAS ENDED? TELL IT TO PERU. TINA ROSENBERG

OCTOBER 9, 1989 · $2.50

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Gielgud v. Olivier · Diaghilev's Legacy · Uncle Sam's $20 Billion Giveaway

Farewell to the '80s

Our bid to define the decade

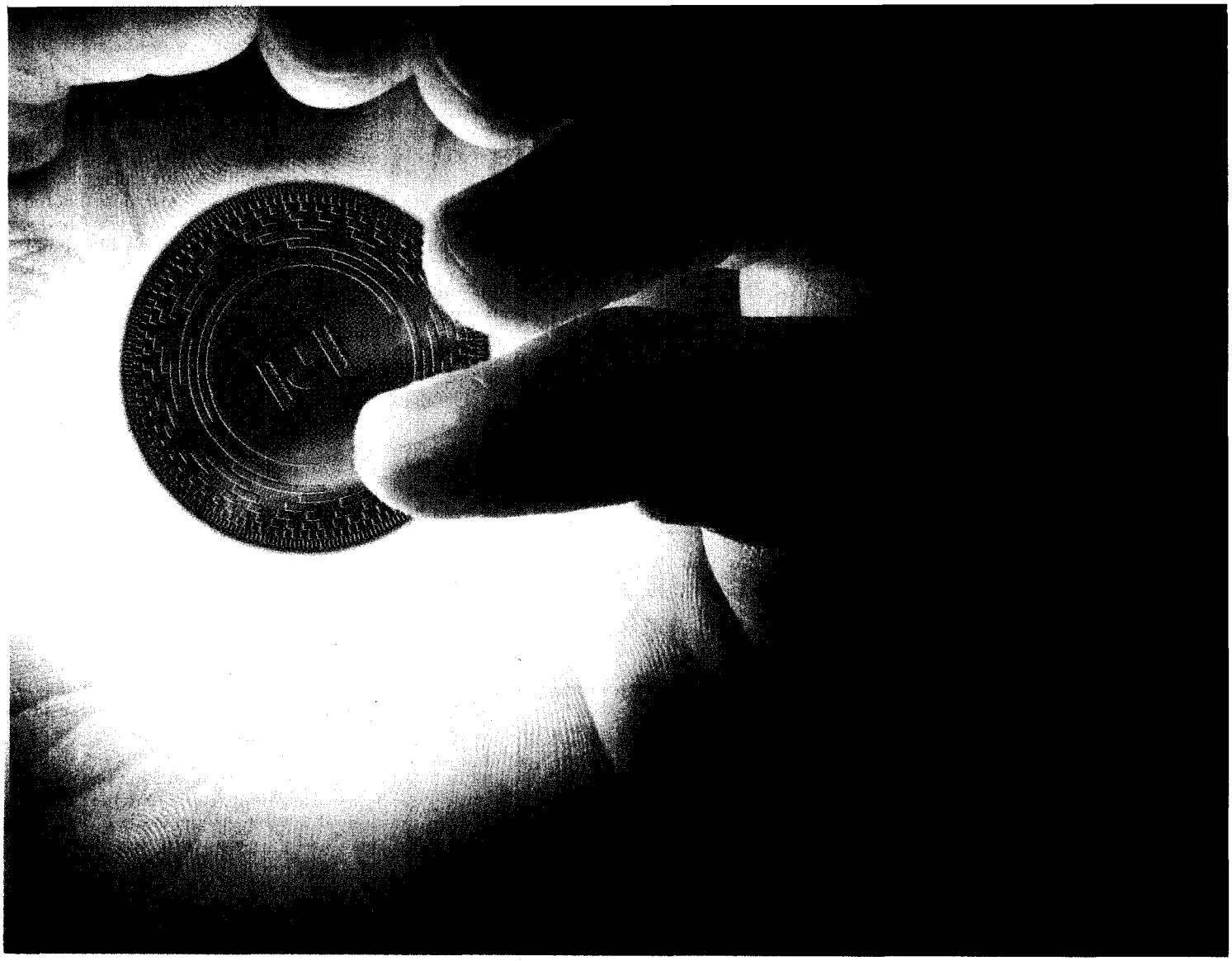
by Louis Menand

Boris Yeltsin gets in touch with his feeling

#729D**********3-DIGIT 757
#LABAOR00097#
690976 LAB AOR00099 H458 JAN08
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE 1990
ROY HAMMER LIB 37#RW
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755

787445 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ıre 100 times faster and more power-
ul than today's best. And there's even
he possibility that photonics could
mprove everyday products such as
elevision sets, telephones and other
electronics-based appliances."

— Glen E. Miller
Senior Principal Engineer
Boeing High Technology Center

At Boeing we're sharing knowledge and integrating technology to create high-quality products and services. In electronics, computer services, aviation and aerospace.

BOEING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Attitude Problem

"Because in wartime the various outlets of popular culture behaved almost entirely as if they were the creatures of their governments, it is hardly surprising to find that they spoke with one voice. Together with skepticism, irony, and doubt, an early casualty was a wide variety of views about current events." —Paul Fussell, *Wartime: Understanding and Behavior in the Second World War* (Oxford University Press)

"If we're going to win this war, it's going to take a long time. It's going to take a persistence in attitude. And this kind of garbage isn't very helpful. . . . For . . . this magazine, The New Republic, [to publish] that if all you have in life is bad choices, crack may not be the most unpleasant of them, is irresponsible to an incredible degree." —William Bennett, testifying before Congress, September 14

Thus spake the drug czar, reacting to an article by Jefferson Morley in last week's TNR, describing his (very limited) experience with crack. The article in question did not urge anyone to use crack, did not say crack should be legalized, did not say drugs are not a serious national problem. In fact, it specifically said the opposite of all this, though perhaps without the usual catechistic reverence.

The purpose of the article was simply to describe what a crack high is like, for readers who may have experienced marijuana or powdered cocaine but know nothing about the drug of the moment. In the fuss this short piece has generated, no one has accused it of being inaccurate. The indictment is: "unhelpful." In the current state of drug-war frenzy, truth is no defense. As drug freak Ken Kesey famously put it (in Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*), "You're either on the bus or off the bus."

Although its purpose was mainly descriptive, the article made two points, one directly and one by implication. The direct point is that a crack high is pleasant, while it lasts. To any calm, rational person, this obviously is not a denial of the crack problem. It is an explanation for the crack problem. If using crack were an unpleasant experience from beginning to end, no one would use crack. Some critics have said this point is banal, but surely the fuss disproves that. It's hard on a journalist struggling to say something true and fresh about crack, after the millions of words that have appeared, to be told simultaneously that his point is (*a*) too dangerous to acknowledge, and (*b*) too obvious to need repeating.

The drug czar takes special umbrage at the sentence, "If all you have in life is bad choices, crack may not be the most unpleasant of them." But the subject is short-term pleasure, not wisdom. And the article hardly ignores the ample downside of crack use ("... stupefying ... conducive to paranoia ... cause of anti-social behavior ... untold bodily damage ..."). If it is now impermissible to note that the appeal of a chemical escape from life depends on the quality of the life you're escaping—and that this may help explain why crack has swept through the underclass—the drug war has become totally unhinged from reality.

The point Morley's article makes by implication is that it is possible to use crack once or twice without ruining your life. He is still functioning as a free-lance writer and an editor at the *Nation* (if you call that living), no more or less normal than he was before. Some crack experimenters will not be so lucky. Some will get sucked into the abyss, especially those facing the bleak alternatives we apparently are not allowed to mention. In that sense, perhaps, advertising the fact that one crack use may not be fatal "isn't very helpful."

But the journalist's job is not to be helpful. The journalist's job is to be truthful. If the authorities think that exaggerating—that is, lying—about the addictive nature of crack might be considered more helpful than telling the truth, one good answer is: that's too bad. Most journalists, though, adhere to the philosophy that the truth generally *is* helpful. That's why we do it. In this case, kids tempted by crack don't need THE NEW REPUBLIC to tell them that crack use isn't invariably fatal. Pretending otherwise surely weakens the credibility and persuasiveness of the anti-drug message more than telling the truth.

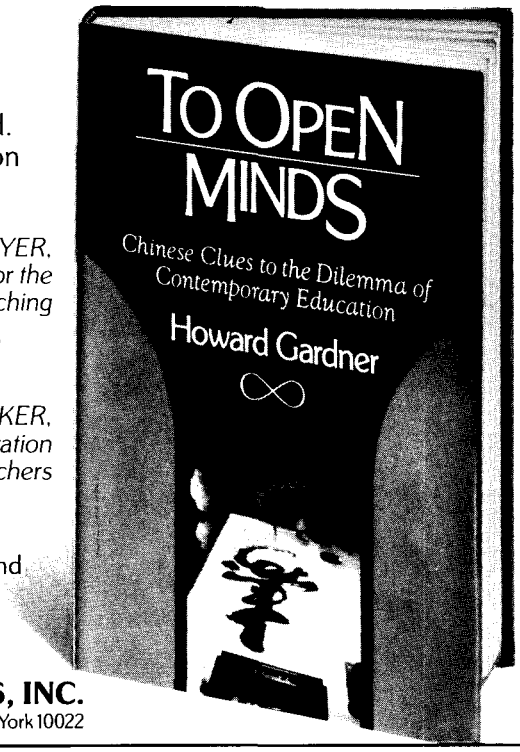
Yet on one of the weekend political chat-'n'-grunt shows, a conservative journalist and a liberal one agreed that Morley's article was not only "garbage" but "disgraceful journalism." This is what it must have been like to say in 1943 that the Japanese were human beings. Not to say that they weren't evil or that the war shouldn't be won—not to contradict the orthodoxy, simply to depart from it. Maybe that kind of agitprop mentality is necessary, or at least inevitable, in a real war. (Fussell, in his new

continued on page 40

"Both cultures have much to learn from each other." —*DR. ANTHONY STORR, author of Solitude*

Comparing American and Chinese education, "Howard Gardner once again plows new ground. ...A fascinating reflection on the creativity versus basic skills debate."
—*ERNEST BOYER, Carnegie Endowment for the Advancement of Teaching*

"A joy to read...truly a mind-opener."
—*ALBERT SHANKER, American Federation of Teachers*



To Open Minds
Howard Gardner
Author of *Frames of Mind* and *The Mind's New Science*

BASIC BOOKS $21.95 at bookstores
BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
ASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
SEP 28 1989

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

OCTOBER 9, 1989

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 3,899

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
MICKEY KAUS, MORTON M. KONDRACKE,
ROBERT WRIGHT

New Republic Books Editor
(Basic Books)
BILL NEWLIN

Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD

Art
MARK STEVENS

Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, HENDRIK HERTZBERG,
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE,
LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK,
ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW, ANNE TYLER,
NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH

Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Manager
KRISTIN CONRADI

Production Associate
ERIC V. PETERSON

Literary Assistant
SARA MOSLE

Interns
DANIEL GROSS, DAVID P. HAMILTON

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher
TOM HICKS

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT

Circulation Director
PATTY JONES

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO

Accounting Assistant
JULIE HAWKINS

Circulation Assistant
PATTI NAJDA

Back Issues and Reception
MAXINE OAKLEY

Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD

Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

Cover by Taylor Jones for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 18. (Who's who on page 9.)

4 TRB FROM WASHINGTON **ATTITUDE PROBLEM** TNR vs. the Drug Czar!

6 CORRESPONDENCE In defense of American Express, &c.

7 THE EDITORS **THE LAST MILE** Why did we spend trillions fighting communism if we won't spend a few billion helping Poland turn capitalist?

8 NOTEBOOK Geezers, prizes, &c.

9 FRED BARNES **THE MAYOR'S RACE** Unless Giuliani gets really ugly, Gracie Mansion will have its first black resident.

10 MORTON M. KONDRACKE **IN DEFENSE OF BARNEY** A good congressman is hard to find.

11 ALEX HEARD **ROLFING WITH YELTSIN** How did the leader of the Soviet opposition get hooked up with a touchy-feely California cult?

13 DAVID ELLEN **THE PHONE FLUSHAWAY** It's just like a state lottery, except that it's costing Uncle Sam $20 billion.

15 TINA ROSENBERG **THESIS DISPERUVIAN** Francis Fukuyama notwithstanding, history hasn't ended for the Third World.

18 LOUIS MENAND **DON'T THINK TWICE** A retrospective on the decade that wouldn't die.

24 STANLEY KAUFFMANN **ON FILMS: TURBULENT LIVES** South African clichés in *A Dry White Season.*

25 ROBERT BRUSTEIN **ON THEATER: FURTHER THOUGHTS ON OLIVIER** Laurence Olivier vs. John Gielgud.

26 RICHARD TARUSKIN **HOW HE DID IT** *Art and Enterprise in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes* by Lynn Garafola

32 DANIEL AARON **THE WORLDLY PURITAN** *Unseasonable Truths: The Life of Robert Maynard Hutchins* by Harry S. Ashmore

34 BIN RAMKE **POEM** *War Crimes*

37 STANISLAW BARANCZAK **WAKE UP TO UNREALITY** *Rondo* by Kazimierz Brandys, translated by Jaroslaw Anders

42 WASHINGTON DIARIST **BEING THERE**

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 201, Number 15, Issue 3,899, October 9, 1989. (Printed in the U.S. on September 20, 1989.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 9 & 16, July 17 & 24, Aug. 7 & 14, and Sept. 18 & 25, 1989) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $59.97; foreign, $89.97; Canada, $74.97. Back issues, $3.00 (includes postage & handling). ©1989 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

The American Way

To the editors:

To paraphrase Michael Lewis ("Go Ahead, Leave Home Without It," September 4), "let's be reasonable." In his scathing attack on the American Express Card, he claims there are two simple criteria for judging a charge card: cost and what you can do with it. We wholeheartedly agree that what you can do with a card, or more important, what a card can do for you, is the most significant criteria to consider in making an informed choice. The cost is simply a reflection of your view of the card's value. To most American Express cardmembers, the card is a terrific value, even though it costs more. They see the value every day in the exceptional level of service they receive. That is precisely what sets American Express apart.

Lewis never explained that Visa and MasterCard are loose associations of thousands of banks, and it is the banks that actually issue and service the cards. As a result, bank card levels of service, fees, terms, and benefits vary as wildly as their interest rates.

The heart of our service does not depend on clever marketing or superior technology but on the dedication of our 40,000-plus employees worldwide. For example, consider the efforts:

• During the tragic events in Beijing last June, American Express continued servicing cardmembers in our Travel Service Office, where bullets pierced the wall. Our North Carolina authorizations unit approved a charge of more than $15,000 to allow a stranded tour group of senior citizens to get out of China. The airline simply would not accept any other form of payment.

• While on a cruise in the Suez, a cardmember's daughter became seriously ill. Amex employees in the U.S. and Egypt worked together around the clock to arrange for both emergency medical treatment and her safe return to the U.S.

• A cardmember needed to replace his lost card hours before leaving on a business trip to the Far East. Our employee not only arranged for an emergency card replacement, but got up at 4 a.m. to drive and personally deliver the card to the cardmember at Boston's Logan Airport.

While these are examples of employees rising above the norm, each of our 32 million cardmembers can expect the following day-to-day services:

• Toll-free access to card customer service people working in units that operate 24 hours a day around the world.

• The American Express worldwide network of 1,600 Travel Service Offices is a "home away from home" for cardmembers. When problems arise on the road, it makes a huge difference to be able to turn to a knowledgeable, English-speaking person for help. Cardmembers can do everything from getting emergency cash and receiving their mail to replacing lost or stolen American Express Travelers Cheques and rebooking travel and lodging plans. This is something no one can match.

• No pre-set spending limit allows cardmembers the flexibility to charge as much or as little as they want. This is particularly helpful when emergencies or opportunities arise.

• 24-hour Emergency Card replacement. Last year American Express replaced 2.8 million lost or stolen American Express Cards, some 230,000 at our Travel Service Offices.

• Copies of signed receipts that are part of every bill, allowing a cardmember to make sure every charge on his or her bill was one he or she made. This is called "Country Club Billing."

So Lewis believes it's absurd to carry the American Express Card. While he is certainly entitled to his opinion, more than 32 million of the world's most sophisticated and savvy consumers tell us virtually every day that it is absurd to leave home without it.

LAWRENCE T. KURLANDER
American Express Travel Related Services Company
New York, New York

To the editors:

Michael Lewis has left out a whole chapter on the absurdity of the Amex card. In the early days the card was accepted without the involved credit checking and phone calling that now accompanies each and every purchase. When it takes 15 minutes to buy a stroller at Zayre due to the verification procedures, the whole thing becomes even more ridiculous.

THORN MEAD
Boston, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Michael Lewis ponders why anyone not blinded by the fabricated exclusivity of the American Express Card would choose it over a bank credit card that "has the nice option of a loan if you want it." This makes perfect sense for the cardholder who conscientiously clears his account at the end of each month, but, as $440 billion of charged goods and services would indicate, this is a rare bird

continued on page 40

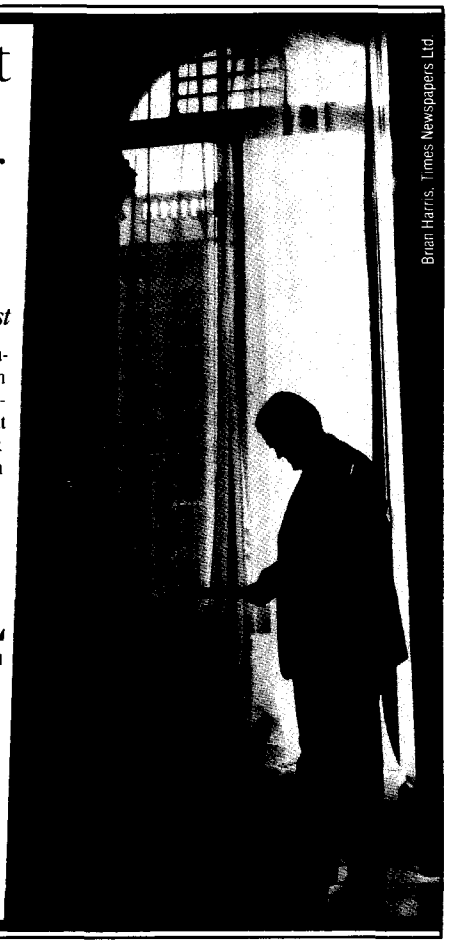
"The best account of the British Civil Service ever produced...also enormous fun."
—*The Economist*

What makes the oldest, biggest, costliest and most influential of all British institutions work? Noted veteran journalist Peter Hennessy vividly brings to life the intricacies of the institution that wields such profound but concealed power over British government and society. **"Of compulsive interest... Hennessy writes with relish of the dynastic relationships, the conventions and heresies, the politics and the passion."**
—*New Statesman & Society*

WHITEHALL
by PETER HENNESSY

FP THE FREE PRESS

851 pages. $35. Available at bookstores now or call: 800-323-7445 (between 9:00 A.M. & 5:30 P.M. EST) to place your credit card order.


Brian Harris, Times Newspapers Ltd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

OCTOBER 9, 1989

THE LAST MILE

Throughout this summer's historic transfer of power in Poland, President Bush has maintained a low profile, lest he make the change seem more threatening to the Soviet Union than it inherently is. He doesn't, as a spokesman put it, want to "do anything or say anything to upset the apple cart." No danger of that so far. In July, after Lech Walesa (with some encouragement from the American administration) asked for a $10 billion package of Western financing, Bush offered him one percent of that—$119 million in American aid. Defensive administration aides explained that there wasn't much the United States could do for Poland anyway; it was up to the Polish people to put their house in order. Then, a few weeks after Solidarity took over the government, thus more closely tying the fate of Polish democracy to the health of the Polish economy, Bush magnanimously threw in an additional $50 million. And hey, keep the change.

Meanwhile, the apple cart is showing signs of upsetting itself. In July, when Bush went to Poland and announced that he wouldn't do anything meddlesome, news accounts noted ominously that inflation had reached 100 percent for basic commodities. Barely two months later the figure is several times that, and by some accounts is approaching 100 percent *per month*. If the crisis continues to deepen, and the Polish people respond with less than superhuman stoicism, the resulting social disorder could invite the sort of crackdown that reactionaries in Warsaw and Moscow dream of. While Bush is worrying about (or, at least, claims to be worrying about) ruining the Polish experiment by tainting it with Western intervention, the chances of ruining it through Western neglect grow. Wouldn't it be odd if, after all the time Republicans have spent claiming credit for the demise of communism, they were blamed for breathing life into it? "Who Lost Poland?"—it has a catchy, election-year sound to it.

No, obviously the question isn't fair, literally speaking. The future of the Polish economy is in large part beyond Western control, and the Communist response to any social upheaval will be determined in Warsaw and Moscow, not Washington. Still, there is enough that Bush could do, and isn't doing, that the question must be asked: What strange new cost-benefit equation is guiding American foreign policy? By what consistent calculus could one support America's various cold war interventions while refusing to spend more than pocket change to smooth the first peaceful transition from communism to democratic capitalism in the history of the world?

Leave aside the costliest interventions, Korea and Vietnam. Consider instead the relatively cheap Reagan-era policies that Bush has held up as paragons of American activism. In Afghanistan, a nation with no economic significance, no cultural foundation on which to build a modern capitalist democracy, and questionable geopolitical import, we've spent $3.5 billion to turn a stable Communist regime backed by Soviet troops into a less stable one backed by remote control. In Nicaragua, a nation whose population is one-tenth of Poland's, we've spent several times what Bush has offered Poland. In both cases, the prospects for democracy have been improved by the expenditure, but in neither case are the prospects yet bright. And in both cases our involvement cost many lives, which tend to get left out of the calculation because they weren't American.

According to Bush's campaign speeches, these and other demonstrations of American resolve fostered the soul-searching now under way in the Communist world. If this is true, then the current experimentation in Eastern Europe represents the long-awaited return on a four-decade American investment of money and blood. For better or worse, Poland has become the showcase

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experiment. All eyes are on it. And what is Bush willing to spend to help push our investment toward final fruition? A hundred and seventy million dollars—one-third of one of the 132 Stealth bombers he wants to build. Bush's Cabinet—a dozen points of light—could probably come up with that much out of its own pockets.

Opponents of aid to Poland are producing all kinds of red herrings. One can be found in all the grim references to the last round of Western lending to Poland, which resulted in its present shaky debt of $40 billion. That money was loaned to a Communist government that took small, often token, steps in the direction of free markets. (And for the record: only about one-tenth of that money came from the United States.) Today the Polish economy is under the control of avowed capitalists. The real news about the recently named Polish Cabinet isn't that Solidarity got all the key economic seats, but how it chose to fill them. The ministries of Industry and Housing will be run by men who have headed aggressive coalitions of private entrepreneurs. The finance minister and the head of the council of economic advisers are also ardent free marketers. These selections were determined in a painful debate between Solidarity's real radicals—the free marketers—and its leftist featherbedders, who cling to massive government subsidies. The featherbedders lost.

So much for red herring No. 2: that any aid to Poland will go to prop up dinosaur shipyards. Solidarity has already agreed that its loan package should be incremental, with each step contingent on demonstrated economic discipline and decentralization. In fact, what Poland needs Western currency for right now—about a billion dollars' worth, and fast—is a bold plunge into deregulation. The first step toward curing hyperinflation is to make things worse—let the zloty plummet until the foreign exchange rate reaches its natural level, and, by cutting subsidies, let prices rise to their natural level. Having done all that, and left consumers even worse off than before, the government will need Western currency to stabilize the exchange rate lest panic trading keep it falling below its natural level. It would also be nice to ensure that no one starves. If the people are sufficiently patient, and all goes well, things will gradually get better. What are the chances that this strategy will work smoothly? Less than spectacular, regardless of how much Western help Poland gets, but better with help than without it.

This improvement of the odds isn't great, but neither is the cost to us. The $10 billion Walesa asked for is in *loans*, not grants, and most of it would come from international lending institutions. Ultimately, only about one-fourth would originate in the United States. If worse came to worse, and Poland defaulted—as it well could—the United States would have blown a couple of billion dollars trying to secure a historic political transformation. That's not money misspent. If things worked out better, and Poland became a shining model for the transition to a free market democracy, the United States would have gotten a bargain of historic proportions.

And so would Bush. With a little ingenuity, he could come off as the leader of a global rescue effort, while footing only a fraction of the bill. But, of course, that presupposes some affinity for leadership on his part.

NOTEBOOK

GEEZERGATE: If the Democrats have any sense (an unpromising way to start a sentence), they will come out for repeal of the aptly named catastrophic health care program. In itself this modification of Medicare, enacted last year, is a reasonable enough expansion of the welfare state: extended hospital stays, coverage of physician bills, and prescription drugs for old people, financed by a progressive surtax on old people themselves. But it was hardly the most pressing social welfare need—old people are already far better protected than the young—or even the most pressing need of the old themselves, which is long-term nursing care. And now the old have taken against the surtax with a vengeance (surrounding and pelting Dan Rostenkowski's limousine, among other methods of discourse). If they don't want this program, who does? Well, the Bush administration, for one. Although the program undoubtedly will lose money in the long run, as benefits get phased in, it is supposed to produce a nice surplus of $5 billion or so next year, which is a big help in meeting the Gramm-Rudman budget targets. (Actually, even next year's estimate is starting to look optimistic, but under Gramm-Rudman it's the estimate that counts.) Without this old folks' tax, the administration will be faced with either accepting across-the-board spending cuts, and the chaos they would bring, or doing the right thing and proposing an honest tax increase. For reasons both political and fiscal, that is a corner the Democrats should want the administration to be put into.

PRIZE BULL: The first annual Praemium Imperiale (Imperial Prize) for lifetime achievement in the arts has been awarded: $100,000 each to half a dozen of the usual suspects such as I. M. Pei, David Hockney, and Pierre Boulez. This new award is funded by a Japanese media company in an apparent attempt to improve Japan's somewhat Philistine image by feeding the Western world's bottomless capacity for superfluous honors. Can anyone seriously suggest that Pierre Boulez's contribution to culture has gone underappreciated? That I. M. Pei needs the money? That David Hockney—or future David Hockneys—will be inspired to greater creativity by the existence of this prize? That former prime ministers Edward Heath, Jacques Chirac, Amintore Fanfani, and Helmut Schmidt—who have been hired to guide the selections—haven't found a rather agreeable boondoggle for themselves? We wish the Japanese

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would find a more useful outlet for expressing their geosocial insecurity. How about shelling out a bit more for the mutual defense?

JAR WARS UPDATE: In last week's issue, William Saletan reported on the growing practice of political candidates taking drug tests and challenging their opponents to do the same. Now the ante has been upped. In Texas, state Representative Ron Wilson, who is running for the state Senate, has announced his "intentions to propose an amendment to the U.S. Constitution requiring candidates for all elected federal offices to undergo drug testing."

WHO'S WHO ON THE COVER: (back row) C. Everett Koop, Robert Bork, Pete Rose; (third row) Leona Helmsley, Gary Hart, Donna Rice, Ed Koch, Jesse Jackson; (second row) Jesse Helms, George Bush, Vanna White, Pat Sajak; (front row) Dan Quayle, Nancy Reagan, Ronald Reagan, Michael Dukakis, Oliver North, Jim & Tammy Bakker.

Dinkins vs. Giuliani.

THE MAYOR'S RACE

By Fred Barnes

NEW YORK

In the best of all political worlds for Rudy Giuliani, Ed Koch would have won the Democratic nomination for a fourth term as mayor. He'd have used TV ads accusing David Dinkins, his chief rival and the city's top black elected official, of incompetence, evading taxes, softness on crime, and being a wild-spending, permissive liberal. The ads in the Democratic primary would have dire consequences for Koch in the general election on November 7. Blacks and a lot of white liberals would be outraged at the attacks, and they'd rush to support Giuliani, the Republican-Liberal candidate who promises "independent reform government" and an end to corruption.

Giuliani even recruited Jackie Mason for a commercial zinging the mayor. Giuliani aired the ad in the Republican primary, ignoring his GOP opponent, Ronald Lauder, who was spending $13 million on anti-Giuliani television spots. In the spot, the comic stands next to a restaurant owner whose employees don't steal from him. "You know why?" says Mason, speaking rapidly. "He watches them. But Ed Koch, you run New York City. They steal from you right and left, and you always keep saying, 'I don't know how it happened. Who did it? It's not my fault. It's not my business. It could have been.' " Then Mason shrugs. "Rudy should run the city. They won't steal from him."

But Koch declined to use negative TV commercials in his campaign, and he lost to Dinkins (51 percent to 42 percent). Koch had figured to win without an anti-Dinkins fusillade—until the slaying of a young black man by a white mob in Bensonhurst three weeks before the primary generated fresh enthusiasm for Dinkins. Now Giuliani has a problem. "He had a great rationale against Koch—stop City Hall corruption—which won't work against the guy who smashed City Hall," says Mark Green, the Democratic Senate nominee in 1986 and a Dinkins adviser. Giuliani's fame as the crusading federal prosecutor who indicted Leona Helmsley, Michael Milken, and Ivan Boesky has been devalued.

Still, Giuliani can keep Dinkins from being New York's first black mayor: beat him up on television the way Koch didn't. But that's risky. It could backfire, worsening racial feelings already scratched raw by the Bensonhurst killing and the black protests that followed. Or it could create sympathy for Dinkins, 62, a genial, soft-spoken man with an undistinguished record and an irresistible personality. Friends of Dinkins talk him up the way Republicans do Ronald Reagan. They don't point to smarts or governing skill, but to his temperament.

Despite Dinkins's appeal, his allies are worried enough about a negative campaign to try to bluff Giuliani and his media strategist, Roger Ailes, out of running attack ads. Just after Dinkins won the primary, Governor Mario Cuomo warned, "If they try a Willie Horton ad against David Dinkins, they will get blown out of the water in New York." Ailes produced President Bush's TV spots that skewered Michael Dukakis. "I don't think the kind of campaign they ran last year will work in New York City," says Robert Shrum, the media adviser for Dinkins. He notes that Bush lost New York City.

Ailes says every aspect of Dinkins's public life is fair game, including his failure to file tax returns from 1969 to 1972, his left-liberalism, and his competence. "There's negative and there's negative," Ailes says. "What a guy's done in his career that might affect the public is not negative." Ailes and Giuliani haven't decided how sharply to attack Dinkins on TV, where it counts in a short campaign. But Giuliani gingerly broached the competence issue at a press conference on September 19. He cited two reports critical of Dinkins, as city clerk and now as Manhattan borough president, for minor administrative lapses. And he handed out three pages of quotes from newspaper and magazine stories on Dinkins's shortcomings. When asked flatly if Dinkins is incompetent, Giuliani retreated. "It's not really for me to judge," he said.

Dinkins's tax problem is more clear-cut. His failure to file returns was discovered in 1973, when then-Mayor Abe Beame wanted to name him the city's first black deputy mayor. Dinkins admitted his mistake, explained he'd been too busy, and hastily paid the taxes plus interest. Beame decided not to appoint him deputy mayor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Koch brought up the tax issue last summer, calling Dinkins an "evader." Dinkins said he'd delayed but had never sought to avoid paying. The matter was dropped. Toward the end of the campaign, Richard Ravitch, an also-ran in the Democratic primary, found in discussions with "focus groups" that few voters had even heard of the tax issue. When told about it, support for Dinkins dropped dramatically. Ailes knows of this, of course.

There's also a potential issue in Dinkins's affinity for leftist causes. He has "the most ideological staff of any local politician since Bella Abzug," wrote Joe Klein in *New York* magazine. This has led him to propose grandiose programs without a means for funding them. He advocates "drug treatment on demand." Koch said this is fiscal craziness. Klein tried for weeks to find how much Dinkins would spend on it and where he'd get the money. He was told there are too many variables to determine a precise figure. Finally he asked Dinkins about it when they appeared together on "Nightline" on September 13. Dinkins couldn't answer. When I asked him a week later, he said treatment on demand is a goal. "It's not necessary to demonstrate the ability to treat everyone."

Whatever Dinkins's vulnerabilities, they were overshadowed in the primary by his cool leadership after the Bensonhurst killing. Cuomo had predicted that the winner of the primary would be the candidate who says, "I will bring you together." That's what Dinkins said. He called for reconciliation and healing. Koch said he was a healer, too, but voters sensed that wasn't right. Four days after the slaying, Dinkins made a compelling speech at a Bronx church. He proposed an anti-wilding bill that increases the penalty for gang crimes. This appealed to blacks angry over Bensonhurst and whites alarmed by black crime. It reinforced "a very powerful subliminal message in the Dinkins campaign," says Eric Breindel, editorial page editor of the *New York Post* (which endorsed Koch). The message is that it will take a black mayor to ease racial antagonism in New York.

Dinkins got nearly one-third of the white vote in the primary. According to the *New York Times*/CBS News exit poll, he beat Koch among white liberals by 51 percent to 39 percent. For Giuliani to win, liberals will have to abandon Dinkins. Liberals are a necessary part of any "fusion" candidacy for mayor. Fiorello La Guardia, a Republican, won with liberal backing in 1933, as did John Lindsay, also a Republican, in 1965. When Giuliani unveiled "Democrats for Giuliani" on September 19, there wasn't a well-known Democrat in sight. One who showed up was Michael Marino, a former leader in Queens. "For the record, I've voted Republican many times," including twice for Reagan and once for Bush. Giuliani attracts conservative Democrats like Marino without trying. But there aren't enough of them for him to win without significant liberal support.

Giuliani has alienated more liberals, especially Jewish liberals, than he's attracted. After the Supreme Court's *Webster* abortion decision, he waffled between anti-abortion and pro-choice positions, ending up pro-choice. His support among Jews fell 17 percentage points. Then he declared that the fate of Israel is not an appropriate issue for a mayor. In principle, he's correct. But Dinkins understood the politics of the issue and said that as mayor he'd take a special interest in Israel.

Even if all goes well for Giuliani, he'll probably lose. The city has a 5-to-1 Democratic edge in registration. Popular Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato outspent Mark Green 6-to-1 and won overwhelmingly statewide. But he lost the city by 60 percent to 40 percent. In 1977 Koch was helped in his first bid for mayor by Son of Sam, whose murder rampage drove up support for capital punishment, Koch's big issue. Giuliani's big issues are crime and drugs. What will make these salient? I'd hate to guess.

The importance of being Frank.

In Defense Of Barney

By Morton M. Kondracke

After nearly ten years as "one of the truly gifted legislators of our time" (so says the *Almanac of American Politics*), Representative Barney Frank is being badgered to get out of politics because he was involved for 18 months with a male prostitute. Those demanding his ouster, including the super-civil-libertarian *Boston Globe* and various political columnists, including some liberals, should be asked: Where's your sense of due process? What's happened to your respect for popular democracy? And, above all, have you lost your capacity for mercy?

Frank says he won't quit, and he shouldn't. His behavior is being investigated by the House Ethics Committee, which will recommend appropriate punishment. What we know (because Frank has admitted it) is that he more than once hired a homosexual prostitute, which is a misdemeanor in the District of Columbia. One of these was Steve Gobie, a bisexual hooker whom Frank claims he slept with once for $80 in 1985 and then tried to rehabilitate by hiring him (out of personal funds) as his driver and aide at $20,000 a year and letting him occupy a basement apartment in his townhouse. Gobie repaid the kindness by turning Frank's basement into a brothel. Gobie claims Frank knew what was going on; Frank says he didn't.

The gang hounding Frank scoffs at his assertion that he had sex with Gobie only once, and prefers to believe Gobie—whose police record includes possession of cocaine and taking obscene photos of a 15-year-old girl—as to whether the congressman knew about the basement goings-on. They also doubt Frank's story that he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paid—rather than fixed—parking tickets for Gobie.

Before ending the career of an almost universally acknowledged legislative superstar, shouldn't we see what the ethics committee comes up with? Frank's landlady says he did not know how Gobie was using the basement, and that when she told him, Frank fired him. On other disputed points, why should anyone believe Gobie? He has made it so clear he wants money for his revelations that one suspects he's trying to extort it from "clients" who wish to avoid Frank's humiliation.

On the basis of the evidence, Frank scarcely deserves expulsion from the House—the ethics committee's strongest sanction—or even censure or a public reprimand. He has committed a low-grade crime and he has brought discredit on the House. On the merits, he deserves less punishment than a congressman arrested for drunken driving (many of whom have received no punishment at all). The ethics committee should mete out its lowest grade of punishment, a private reprimand.

Frank's constituents in Massachusetts may be more deeply offended. If they choose to deny him re-election or even recall him, it's their prerogative. Frank's future ought to be left to them. At the moment polls show that the voters who sent Frank to Washington (with 70 percent of the vote) would send him back. More than 60 percent of his constituents want him to stay. Massachusetts voters returned Representative Gary Studds to office even after he was found to have seduced an underage congressional page (male), and they have kept Edward Kennedy in office regardless of Chappaquiddick. In both cases, the offenses were far more serious than those we know that Frank committed.

The *Globe*, columnist Mark Shields, and others argue that Frank has become a fatal political burden for the Democratic Party, and that his legislative effectiveness has been destroyed. Nonsense. Voters in the New York mayoral race or the 1992 presidential contest won't decide how to cast their ballot on the basis of Frank's indiscretions, any more than they will on the basis of those of Representative Buz Lukens (who has been convicted of having sexual relations with a minor). Voters apparently do object to the party's special appeals to gays and to their favored status as an interest group. But nothing will change on that score by axing Barney Frank.

And assuming he's telling the truth about the Gobie affair, there's no reason to think that Frank will suddenly cease to be an effective congressman. For a while, fellow legislators may be reluctant to co-sponsor legislation—say, on immigration reform or civil rights—but that will stop, and in the meantime he'll use his skills behind the scenes.

I personally believe that a lot of Frank's ideas—especially on defense, foreign policy, and economics—would be disastrous if they were implemented. But Barney Frank is a national treasure, and he ought to be preserved. If he genuinely means, as he says, that he's given up promiscuity, and understands the stupidity of his behavior, he ought to remain in Congress for years.

The Soviet opposition and the California cult.

Rolfing With Yeltsin

By Alex Heard

You may have noticed from news accounts of Boris Yeltsin's recent blitz through the United States that his visit was sponsored by the Esalen Institute. Esalen is the 27-year-old personal-awareness mecca in Big Sur, California, which played a major role in popularizing Gestalt therapy, encounter groups, t'ai chi, rolfing, and est. And you may have wondered: Does this mean the burly Communist maverick is a closet Squishhead? It's hard to say. Outwardly he fit to a T the stereotype of the lusty, cheerful, consumer-goods-starved Soviet tourist. With his bear hugs he crushed the ribs of everybody he met. He smuggled a few dozen fifths of Jack Daniels out of the country by swallowing them before he left. And, surprisingly (big boozing often quells appetite), he ate about six times a day. He seemed to revel in just being *around* food. Somewhat like the famished Mr. Toad with his plate of Gypsy stew, Yeltsin nearly broke down and cried when he saw an ordinary Korean produce market in New York City. And his visit to an Indiana pig farm was made not, I'll bet, to learn about small-scale agriculture, but to bask in the karma of all that super-fresh bacon.

Yeltsin's performance got a scathing review in *Pravda*, which reprinted a report on his tour by Vittorio Zucconi, Washington correspondent for the Italian newspaper *La Repubblica*. "For Yeltsin," Zucconi wrote, "America is a holiday, a stage set, a bar 5,000 kilometers long." Zucconi alleges Yeltsin was drunk much of the time and says he purchased two video systems and cassettes of all the *Rambo* and *Star Wars* movies with money that was supposed to go to Soviet AIDS victims. What no news organization told us, however, is whether Yeltsin's Esalen handlers were attempting to feed him their philosophies between his carnal outbursts. But it's a safe bet that they were.

Esalen has been sponsoring trips like this for years, through its San Francisco-based Soviet-American Exchange Program, and its goal has always been to spread "alternative" peacenikery. Esalen's interest dates back to the early '70s, when Michael Murphy and Jim Hickman, two of the institute's directors, visited the Soviet Union and met with American diplomat (and later ambassador to Moscow) Arthur Hartman and his wife, Donna. Donna was a friend of Harriet Crosby, a former Esalen counselor. As a result of this chumming, Arthur caught a mild case of Esalenitis and started working be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hind the scenes to help Murphy and Hickman make contacts. The exchange program began in 1979 with a visit by Murphy to a psychology conference in the Soviet city of Tbilisi, where he discussed his pet idea, expounded in books such as his 1972 novel *Golf in the Kingdom*, that sports are a pathway to personal awareness.

Things started rolling after that, and in the past decade Esalen has sponsored many American visits by Soviets and ferreted out a horde of Soviet New Agers. *Omni* magazine cataloged some of the more alternative Soviet characters in a 1986 article on what was already being called "hot tub diplomacy." For example: there was Djunah Davitashvili, a psychic healer who earned her reputation curing hangovers and gained fame when she was called to treat the dying Leonid Brezhnev. (Her method involves holding her hands close to a person's "luminous body field" and making diagnoses based on Morse code-like blips the field gives off. "If there are kidney stones," she told *Omni*, "I will get long signals, then stops.") Another Esalen discovery, and a loud and active force in America even now, is Joseph Goldin, a Soviet who once held the quasi-official position of scientific secretary for the Commission on the Complex Study of Man, a group concerned with what Goldin called "anthropomaximology"—which is to say, of course, the maximization of human potential. One of Goldin's innovations was teaching language to students while they danced in a discotheque.

In addition, Esalen pioneered "space bridges"—video conferences between people in the United States and the U.S.S.R. over a satellite hookup—and is partly to blame for the Association of Space Explorers, that group of wide-eyed former astronauts and cosmonauts who tell audiences about "space metanoia," the feeling of cozy universal awareness (which has also afflicted astro-Senator Jake Garn) that comes from seeing the planet as a Big Blue Marble. Goldin will spread his own brand of metanoia in his upcoming project, "One Million Points of Light," a space bridge that will be broadcast, at the U.S. end, live from Lincoln Center. The core concept here is Man as Energy. In the information age, Goldin explained to a panel of World Future Society members recently, "we all exist at the speed of light."

As you probably know, Esalen's international reach-out enthusiasms have been widely copied. These days the roster of celebrities who have *not* recorded an ode to *glasnost*, journeyed to the Soviet Union on a Citizens' Peace Mission, or emceed a space bridge linking American kindergartners with retired Soviet hockey players is shorter than Nikita Khrushchev's fuse. We-♥-Them activity by private citizens is at an all-time high as well.

Two years ago, when I first decided to take the pulse of this trend, I went to a meeting in Alexandria, Virginia, called the Soviet-American Citizens' Summit. This event brought together a few hundred American New Agers and their Soviet counterparts. As it turned out, being there was less like placing a finger on a wrist than jabbing a harpoon into the monster squid from *20,000 Leagues under the Sea*. For the first time, in a violent intake of information, I became aware of the huge subculture of groups—with names like Institute for Security and Cooperation in Outer Space, Center for U.S.-U.S.S.R. Initiatives, Bridges World Wide, and the Pentagon Meditation Club—that are devoted, full-time, to churning out kooky project ideas for fostering greater U.S.-Soviet understanding. (My two favorites at this meeting were: "Send Cossacks to Texas" and "Hula Dancers in Moscow.")

Last spring a Washington, D.C., group called Network of Light was at large in the Soviet Union for a month—"like an amoeba," boasts Network director Barbara Carpenter—love-blobbing with Soviet colleagues. Carpenter, a New Age therapist, showed 50 members of the Healthy Family Club, a group of human polar bears who swim year-round in Gorky Park, the basics of underwater rebirthing. Carpenter's group also visited the Kiev-Pechery Monastery, which houses remains of mummified monks who "emanate spiritual energy." And Edward Winchester, head of the Pentagon Meditation Club (and father of the Spiritual Defense Initiative, an effort to build a psychic peace shield with positive thought), meditated "inside the Kremlin near the chair of Ivan the Terrible and distributed clinically standardized meditation kits ... to peace committee officials in Moscow, Kiev, and Leningrad," according to *Pathways* magazine. Finally, on a TV program allegedly seen by 150 million Soviets, Winchester ran a public meditation in front of Kazan Cathedral.

There's much more of this to come—in January, for example, Citizens' Summit II will be held in Moscow, with a cast of 100 alternative Soviet folk who are currently auditioning their project ideas. (The czar of this meet, an American citizen diplomat named Rama Vernon, says one group slated to attend "uses meditation to commune with dolphins in the Black Sea.")

But at some point one must stop and ask: So what—are these things bad? Isn't pro-peace better than pro-war? I'll grudgingly say no and yes to those questions, but with a non-negotiable condition: none of these people must *ever* be allowed to run anything. I've endured two sessions in which New Age peaceniks met for the purpose of making concrete plans to shape the new order, and both times the meetings broke down in the first ten minutes because the participants bitchily nitpicked one another into total verbal chaos. At a panel at Citizens' Summit I on "New Cosmology for a New Way of Thinking," the argument centered on what "cosmology" means. At a World Future Society panel on New Thinking for a Globally Interdependent World, the blowup-inducing word was "new."

Viewed in this context, Yeltsin's visit has troubling possibilities. *He* has power already, and he's angling for more. Though it doesn't seem likely, one has to wonder what might happen if he did channel his incredible energy into Squishhead pursuits. Esalen is not without

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeal for a man like him: don't forget its mineral-water hot springs in which bathers get to soak, naked if they want, with opposite-sex New Agers. *Time* visited the Esalen ranch in 1987 and found the personnel to be as lively as ever. Former ace pitcher Vida Blue was on hand, studying philosophy, as was a nude woman in a hot tub who explained to *Time*'s reporter that the body's balance of energy is maintained by "leaks" in the vicinity of our toenail cuticles.

On this visit, fortunately, Yeltsin did not make it to Esalen, but it's still scary to theorize on what sort of drivel the Esalen people hit him with. When I called the Exchange Program, a man who wouldn't give his name said any questions for Yeltsin would have to be put in writing. I tried to make the questions subtle and, of course, artfully hid what I really wanted to know between dull boilerplate. ("During your White House visit, did you make any suggestions to officials about what the United States can do to help the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics solve its economic crisis? Re the Esalen guys: How much 'verbal baloney' have they tried to feed you? You took an intense interest in entrepreneurship here—upon your return to the Soviet Union, how shall you disseminate . . .") I'm still waiting to hear from their end of the Fax Bridge.

Deep down, I feel certain that Yeltsin's obvious mind-body imbalance protected him. Close your eyes and imagine. In a Dallas hotel room, Garrison corners Yeltsin and starts to explain his theory that (as he put it to *Time*) "interpersonal Gestalt" can be applied to solve the world's "intractable problems." Yeltsin yawns hugely, and the physiological status of his mouth prompts him to have this key gastro-philosophical insight: "I need me a big Texas-style barbecue sandwich to put in this thing. *Now*."

ALEX HEARD is a Washington writer.

Uncle Sam wants you to win $20 billion.

THE PHONE FLUSHAWAY

By David Ellen

About once a month at the offices of the Federal Communications Commission, the federal government conducts a lottery similar to the lotteries that are now a major source of revenue for state governments. They even use one of those pingpong-ball machines to pick the lucky number. But there are two crucial differences. First, instead of raising money, the lottery is costing the government about $20 billion. Second, the odds are a lot better. A typical state lottery returns about 50 cents on the dollar to the customers. This federal lottery returns about $20 on the dollar. Even that dollar doesn't go to the government, except for a few nickels. Much of it goes to the lawyers and other experts who have turned this lottery into a small industry.

The lottery is for licenses to operate cellular telephone systems in various chunks of the country. The licenses are valuable, since only two are available for any given area. But you don't actually have to get involved with cellular telephones to play Phone Lotto. If you win, you can "cash in" your "ticket" by selling your license to a company that really does want to run a cellular telephone system. Dozens of people have become instant millionaires. Patricia and Robert Gardner of Ovid, Michigan, sold one license to the cellular giant McCaw Communications for a rumored $4 million—sellers always sign strict non-disclosure agreements—and recently won another worth roughly $10 million. A few licenses yet to be lotteried off, like the one for Ocean County, New Jersey, are worth upward of $60 million.

There are already 3.2 million cellular telephone subscribers, and the number is soaring. Market analysts value cellular telephone licenses by multiplying the number of people in the specified region—"pops," in the lingo—by a per-pop dollar figure that varies by location. At the moment licenses go for between $25 and $275 (Santa Barbara, California) per pop. The country as a whole has about 240 million pops. Using a conservative average of $85 per pop (Goldman Sachs figures $110), you get $20 billion as the value of licenses for the whole country. Analysts use this per-pop scheme rather than figuring per actual subscriber because cellular is growing so fast.

Since the Communications Act of 1934, the FCC has allocated chunks of the radio-wave spectrum for various technologies such as broadcast television and amateur radio, and, within those chunks, has assigned specific frequencies to competing commercial providers. In the early 1980s the FCC allocated part of the spectrum for cellular telephone and organized it as a "regulated duopoly." It divided the country into 700 or so geographic markets—305 metropolitan service areas (MSAs) and 428 rural service areas (RSAs). In each, it decided to reserve one exclusive license for a local telephone company (the "wireline" company) and award another license to one outside firm ("non-wireline"). So, for instance, Bell Atlantic and Cellular One both serve the Washington, D.C., area. Having two servers in each area, it was argued, would retain many of the economies of scale of a monopoly while guaranteeing a bit of competition as well. And keeping the second license open would bring some innovative entrepreneurs into the communications industry. Or so the theory went.

The big question, of course, was how to choose the outside operator. Before 1982 the Communications Act gave the FCC only two clear options: "first-come, first-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

served" or "comparative hearings," by which the commissioners attempt to judge which of various companies would best serve the public interest. FCC comparative hearings are a long-running Washington farce. In earlier technologies such as television and radio, commissioners have spent years (and contestants have spent millions on lawyers) in efforts to determine who is morally and financially best qualified to be handed a license to print money.

In the case of cellular telephone, the FCC tried comparative hearings for the largest 30 metropolitan markets, but found them (to no one's surprise) lengthy, costly, and totally arbitrary. There was not even the opportunity, with broadcast licenses, for rival competitors to promise more high-minded shows, more local or minority subject matter, and so on. These comparative hearings gave away the most valuable licenses of all, mostly to rich companies with the resources needed to endure the long process. It was during these early hearings, for example, that the Washington Post Company, having no previous experience in cellular, was awarded interests in several prime markets, including 100 percent of Miami-Fort Lauderdale and a minority share in West Palm Beach. McCaw has since bought the Post's cellular rights—which, remember, the company got for free from the government because it was ostensibly most worthy to run a cellular phone system—for an undisclosed but assuredly huge amount.

The real fun started in 1982, when Congress, in a deregulatory mood, amended the Communications Act to allow the FCC to give away spectrum space by lottery. Although this was accompanied by the usual free market flag-waving, it was not really the free market solution. The obvious free market solution, if the government has something valuable to dispense, is not to give it away at all but rather to sell it. But the government, having sensibly decided it had no moral basis for deciding who should get $20 billion of spectrum space, decided to give it away at random instead.

The FCC tested lotteries for low-power television and multipoint distribution systems (pay-per-view television). But nothing could have prepared the commission for the speculative frenzy that followed its announcement in 1984 of "open-entry" lotteries for the rest of the cellular licenses. While the first 30 markets attracted 200 applications, the first 30 *lotteried* markets drew 5,200. In all, 100,000 applications were filed for the 305 MSA lotteries ending in April 1988, at one point literally bringing down the walls of an FCC storehouse in Gettysburg. For the RSA lotteries now in progress, the volume grew to 280,000.

Despite the volume of applications, the odds of winning a cellular license remain favorable. Consider the 428 non-telephone-company RSA lotteries averaging 600 applications each. Anyone who entered all of them, either alone or in partnership, has enjoyed a better than 50-50 chance of winning at least one license. Assuming average application fees and RSA license values, the "expected" winnings on a typical $5,000 risk is roughly $100,000.

In turn, the speculators have stuffed hundreds of millions into the pockets of the leech industry of brokers and facilitators that has sprung up to serve them. These include "application engineering" operations where word processors churn out customized FCC forms and supplementary materials for a quick $250 per application—all in support of the fiction that the winner actually intends to build a cellular phone system rather than simply sell the license to a company that knows what it is doing.

In the carnival atmosphere that has grown up around the cellular telephone giveaway, P. T. Barnum's famous dictum has not been entirely disproved. Many have been enticed to pay large fees to join syndicates to apply for the least desirable licenses in deep rural areas. Companies seeking speculators advertise heavily in places like the Financial News Network, the *Wall Street Journal*, and *USA Today*. The Federal Trade Commission has homed in on a few of these operations, such as a firm called American National Cellular, which hired the ancient TV chat-show host Mike Douglas to flack the "investment of the decade. . . possibly of the century."

Rounding out the cast of characters are the publishers of speculator newsletters, cellular seminar sponsors, and application mill "political consultants." Catherine Waddill (a winner herself) publishes the monthly *Non-Wireline News Update*. A year's subscription to the eight-page newsletter goes for $300. A recent issue carried ads for a law firm specializing in cellular and for McCaw, the cellular giant, promising "top of the market prices" in "cash, via wire transfer or overnight courier" for "your MSA minority interests"—that is, fractional shares in winning cellular applications.

All efforts at curbing the embarrassing speculation have failed. An original FCC regulation prohibiting the resale of any cellular license until the system is built and operating for a full year was deftly circumvented by clever lawyers. It was ultimately repealed. The rules were tightened and a $200 application fee was initiated. Next, the FCC required written proof of a $1 million line of credit in order to enter (under the dual fiction that entrants really wanted to build a phone system and that you need to have money already in order to make use of a huge gift from the government). The cellular telephone arrangers got around this one by arranging for banks to extend lines of credit conditional on their clients' winning a license—a safe bet indeed. Congress, for its part, held hearings and toyed briefly with the idea of restricting the rural-area lotteries to companies that already operate adjacent metropolitan-area cellular systems. The cellular telephone facilitators launched a massive letter-writing campaign to stop the idea in its tracks. As long as the government is in the business of giving away licenses, they argued (reasonably enough), why should it give only to the haves and not to the have-nots?

Almost every argument against having the government auction these valuable rights instead of just giving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them away can be answered by the simple observation that they usually *are* auctioned away by the people who win them (as when the Gardners or the Washington Post Company sold to McCaw). The only difference is that a few lucky private individuals—chosen at random, or in a farcical comparative hearing—get the money instead of the government. It is sometimes argued that if cellular licensees had to pay for their licenses instead of getting them for free, prices to consumers would be higher. Even in those cases where the system operator really did get the rights for free (rather than buying them from a lucky winner), that is economic nonsense. Sellers charge as much as they are able to. The price they are willing to pay for the license—whether to the Gardners or to the government—reflects how much they think they will be able to charge.

But what about the small entrepreneur, staunch auction opponents always rejoin, who can't afford to outbid the giants? The answer is that the cost of the license is part of the legitimate cost of doing cellular business, just as leasing expensive jumbo jets is part of the cost of running an airline—or, more apropos, just as paying the auction price of a Department of Interior lease is a cost of offshore oil drilling. It makes no sense for the government to give away billions—and to create or enhance the fortunes of a few millionaires—in the name of promoting small business. Cellular has at least been spared the absurdity, common in other FCC giveaways, of minority preferences: a handful of lucky or well-connected women or blacks being handed multimillion-dollar fortunes on a platter in the name of affirmative action.

Most of the blame for this $20 billion flushaway lies with Congress. Despite repeated requests by the two Reagan-era FCC chairmen, Mark Fowler and Dennis Patrick, and the Office of Management and Budget, Congress has never given the FCC statutory authority to auction off the telecommunications spectrum. Behind the government's perverse generosity, of course, lurk the powerful telecommunications lobbies—traditional media as well as cellular telephone—which fear they may someday have to start paying for what has always been conferred on them for free. Even if a telecommunications or broadcasting company already has an FCC license, there's always renewal time.

Meanwhile, if you're around 20th and M Streets Northwest in downtown Washington on October 4, drop by the FCC and watch Donna Searcy, the Vanna White of the cellular telephone giveaway, pick the next set of lucky winners.

DAVID ELLEN is a former TNR intern.

For the Third World, history hasn't ended.

THESIS DISPERUVIAN

By Tina Rosenberg

> "We might summarize the content of the universal homogeneous state as liberal democracy in the political sphere combined with easy access to VCRs and stereos in the economic." —Francis Fukuyama, "The End of History"

BAJA COLLANA, PERU

I don't see much of a future for liberal democracy here in Peru's Shining Path country, but people would be pretty excited about VCRs if they only had electricity. Some of the details will need to be worked out: how to return rental cassettes, for example—there aren't really any roads here yet. But that's just one of those technological problems Francis Fukuyama says we'll have to spend our time grappling with now that there are no more ideological conflicts to keep us busy.

Fukuyama's idea that the renunciation of communism by the Communist powers means the end of ideological conflict, and therefore the end of history, just hasn't caught on in Peru yet. Here history is still going full tilt. Government security forces and Shining Path guerrillas have killed at least 15,000 people in the last nine years, most of them unarmed civilians, and the war escalates each year. The Shining Path, or Sendero Luminoso, has expanded to every part of Peru in the past few years and has widespread support in Lima's universities. The army is now losing more troops than Sendero. The government has committed several massacres of whole villages where Sendero has been spotted; it has an overly generous conception of just who is a Senderista. But Sendero also has a loose definition of who represents the power. Sendero kills bank guards, labor organizers, peasants with too large a plot of potatoes. The zone chief in Puno, where I visited, was a woman named La Gringa who liked to

TINA ROSENBERG is writing a book about violence in Latin America to be published by Morrow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cut out her victims' eyes and tongues.

Mirko Velez had been one of La Gringa's troops. When I met him he was in a small prison in the desert in Peru's south. He was 21, tall and skinny, missing a few teeth. He joined Sendero in high school in Lima at 15. He bought us each a bottle of cherry soda, and we sat on the ground in the prison courtyard and talked about the People's Revolution.

"There's going to be a class war," Velez said cheerfully. "Probably more than 50,000 people are going to die." He explained to me that Sendero killed representatives of the bourgeois state so peasants would know that Sendero was on their side. He said the process of educating the peasants was a slow one. "Sometimes peasants just want a piece of land and they're happy," he said. "But it doesn't matter if they're happy or not. It's if they have political power."

At the end of our conversation he mentioned that his father, who died in a car accident, had been a policeman. I asked him how he felt about killing police. "To tell you the truth, I was uncomfortable about that part in the beginning. I didn't understand why," he said. "But they educated me, and they educated me well. Now I understand. If my father were alive, I believe he'd think the same." Velez was not interested in *perestroika*. Presidente Gonzalo (that's the nom de guerre of Abimael Guzmán, the shy philosophy professor who founded Sendero) considers the Soviet Union to be one more imperialist power, indistinguishable from the United States. Che Guevara, said Gonzalo, was "a chorus girl." Presidente Gonzalo is a Maoist, though China disavows Sendero. If Presidente Gonzalo had any comment about Tiananmen Square, it probably would be to criticize Deng Xiaoping for letting 200,000 students get away.

The majority of Peruvians, of course, have never heard of *perestroika*, *glasnost*, Gorbachev, Deng, or Marxism. They are, however, experts on the subject of their own misery. One in seven families in rural Puno has electricity. No one has safe drinking water. Kerosene is burned in condensed milk cans for fuel. There is one doctor for every 25,000 people, and only 40 percent of the population has access to schools. Sendero's support is a product not of the objective reality of communism, but the objective reality of capitalism.

Most of the revolutionary movements in the world have nothing to do with either capitalism or communism. They are primarily nationalist, ethnic, religious, tribal, or racial. The Eritrean People's Liberation Army, African National Congress, Palestinian Liberation Organization, Tamils, Khmer Rouge, and Hezbollah are no more concerned about *perestroika* than Mirko Velez is. Some of these movements have Communists among their leadership, but communism is not central to their cause.

In his article, Fukuyama dismisses these movements. They aren't important to his thesis precisely because they do not represent a global ideology. But that doesn't mean they are not important to the rest of us. The Third World is the site of most of the world's wars. It is where American soldiers die. Third World revolutionary conflicts have destroyed or damaged the Johnson, Nixon, Carter, and Reagan presidencies. And the present debate about militarizing the war on drugs in Colombia suggests how we might entangle ourselves in Third World conflicts even after the cold war. In any event, these conflicts produce refugees, terrorism, and immigration, and complicate control of drugs—all issues with a very real daily impact on U.S. life. And, oh yes, the Third World is where many of the planet's people live.

Can we expect any diminution of Third World conflicts as a result of Communist existential angst? Conceivably. Revolutionary governments are getting less revolutionary. Angola, Mozambique, and Nicaragua are trying capitalism, inspired in part by the Soviet Union's cutback in funding for its Third World allies, and in part by their own problems, such as capital flight, the brain drain, and the inefficiency and corruption caused by state control. In January 1988 Nicaragua instituted an economic plan that lifted subsidies on food, gasoline, and transportation; freed up interest rates; cut government spending; and eliminated ministries. Wages fell—a nurse's salary, for example, is now about $20 a month, enough to buy beans and rice for two people.

This was similar to the austerity programs the International Monetary Fund has imposed on Bolivia and other nations, with a significant difference: the Sandinistas are not going to get any IMF loans in return, and they know it. They turned right simply because they thought it would work. "As a revolutionary, I have a lot of problems with the policy," said the man who was running it, Minister of Economy, Finance, and Commerce Luis Carrion Cruz. "I didn't want more unemployment, more poverty, and a deterioration of the education and health we are fighting for. But I can't be emotional. We avoided a disaster. Hyperinflation was going to destroy us. We considered rationing everything, but we threw the idea out. . . . It wouldn't have solved the problem. This was the only choice." He shook his head. "I didn't volunteer for this job."

But even the abandoning of socialism by Third World governments has little effect on guerrilla movements. Of the planet's few revolutionary groups whose ideology is defined mainly in terms of communism and capitalism (all are in Latin America, with the exception of the New People's Army in the Philippines), some have long been orphans, not dependent on guidance from a revolutionary regime. The Montoneros in Argentina carried the flag of a nationalist left-wing fascism modeled after Juan Perón. (Argentina's pro-Soviet Communist Party collaborated with the military junta to wipe out the Montoneros during the dirty war.) The M-19 guerrillas in Colombia are a nationalist movement with no outside ties. Some movements that do model themselves on past revolutions have chosen Cuba, which is closer to home and offers the inspiration of every guerrilla's favorite fantasy, telling the *Yanquis* to stuff it. Fidel Castro has so far refrained from ideological soul-searching.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even guerrilla groups that maintain ties with the Soviet Union can probably keep fighting without outside financing and logistical support. For years the Salvadoran guerrilla front, some of whose groups are pro-Soviet, received weapons by way of the Sandinistas, probably from Cuba or the Soviet Union. But no shipments have been interdicted since 1981. The guerrillas now have a supply of Soviet-made AK-47s, but it is not clear that they didn't buy them.

Most guerrilla groups are rabid capitalists when it comes to finding indigenous financing methods. The Colombian guerrillas charge landowners protection money, and some units of the pro-Soviet Colombian Revolutionary Armed Forces found lucrative work protecting cocaine labs. Sendero controls coca fields and "liberates" property. Kidnapping is also profitable—the Argentine Montoneros received $61.5 million for one kidnapping in the early 1970s. The Salvadorans made at least $50 million in the 1970s from kidnappings, and have since financed themselves by charging landowners a "war tax." Weapons are also easy. They can be homemade, captured in raids, or bought from corrupt army officials.

The Salvadoran guerrillas, the FMLN, are a good example of the self-sufficiency of revolutionary movements. By all reasonable standards, the FMLN should have lost long ago. The United States has given the Salvadoran government roughly $2 billion in military aid over the last ten years. Western European and Latin governments are pressing the guerrillas to negotiate. Their political arm now competes in elections and denounces FMLN crimes. Aid from Cuba, Nicaragua, and the Soviet Union is negligible. And guerrilla troops have been spotted reading Gorbachev's book, *Perestroika*.

Yet the FMLN has pulled off four recent attacks on the army's Fourth Brigade in the Chaletenango province, which is surrounded by 300 meters of mine fields and patrolled by soldiers and electronic alarms. They can shut down San Salvador at will. To celebrate the presidential elections last March, the guerrillas called a transportation stoppage for four days and left the city without electricity, water, and phones for a week. The guerrillas do not have as many combatants as in 1983, their strongest year, but they have created new local militias and fight in more parts of the country than before. They are not going to win the war. But they won't lose it, either. And both sides can keep this up indefinitely. (The FMLN and the government have recently begun talking, but neither side is close to making a proposal the other side might accept.)

Could the ideological reversals of the Soviet Union persuade even logistically autonomous revolutionary movements to give up the fight? My guess is that some guerrillas might become less dogmatic in their ideas for governing and more willing to work with the United States, especially if the threat of a Nicaragua-style counterrevolution remains credible. But this is not the same as accepting the status quo. It is the rare guerrilla who will decide after years in the mountains that he doesn't speak for the people after all.

I found one who did. Alfonso Ojeda is a prosperous surgeon in Bogotá, Colombia, a stocky man in tweed jacket and tie who drew maps on an Antibiótica Shermenicina notepad as we talked. For 13 years Ojeda had another life and another name: Companero Genaro in the pro-Cuban National Liberation Army. He helped found the movement after graduating from medical school in 1964. When he talked about the first day the guerrillas took control of four small villages, freed the prisoners, and opened the food stores and pharmacies, his voice was hoarse and misty.

But those days were rare. Life consisted mainly of walking, fighting, and studying. The movement broke in two over a tactical dispute, and the two sides began shooting at each other. "We weren't organizing the people," he said. "We had fallen into the trap of using only a military strategy." In 1977 he got up at a meeting and announced he thought the guerrillas had fallen into terrorism. No doubt other guerrillas have had second thoughts. But they probably do what Ojeda did—walk out. Colombia now has several small left-wing political parties started by former guerrillas. But it still has six different guerrilla groups. Manuel Marulanda, a leader of the largest, is 63 years old. He has been in the mountains since 1949.

Governments in power have responsibilities. They have to deal with harsh realities. They are like parents. Guerrilla movements are like rebellious teenagers, who believe the rules of adult life will never apply to them. No one ever thinks they will fall into the little corruptions and compromises of their parents' lives. I have met revolutionaries who criticize other revolutions, but I have never met one who lacked confidence that he would be able to do everything right when he reached power. In Peru I spent long evenings talking politics with a man I'll call Roberto. Roberto was a traditional Communist. He hated Sendero. He was also a priest and a lawyer, and he spoke six languages. He had been to Cuba, and he didn't like the censorship and political control. "So we'll do it differently here," he told me. Capitalism in Peru doesn't look like the United States, so why would communism look like the Soviet Union? "Besides," he said, "how can you say that Cuba is a failure? Look around you at Peru. Can you tell me that capitalism works? In Cuba everyone has a roof, a job. Everyone eats."

The measure of success is different down here. A peasant federation organizer took me to a meeting in the town of Baja Collana in Peru's highlands, at the home of the town's richest man. There was a small chapel next to the house, which had no electricity, water, toilet, or floor. One room had a roof. Inside the house I saw benches covered with sheepskin, bags of fertilizer, potatoes in a heap, some bottles of Coke, sweaters, a child's bicycle, and a pretty sheep with long eyelashes and a pink bow tied around its head. That was all. History may be ending in the north. In Peru, it looks as though it has yet to begin. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T THINK TWICE

By Louis Menand

The '80s is the Bobby Ewing of decades. Three times it looked as though it had come to the end of its mortal tether: in the fall of 1986, when the story of Iran-*contra* broke; in the fall of 1987, when the stock market crashed; in the summer of 1988, when Dukakis led Bush by 17 points in the race for president. Each time we awoke to find that nothing had really changed.

Even the decade's detractors have grown weary of telling us all the things that are wrong with the '80s, and even its cheerleaders are bored with trumpeting its virtues. The culture is not corrupt or sick. It is static. The rest of the world seems charged with passion and renewal; America seems to be capable only of repeating itself.

Consider the issues where more than a budgetary principle is at stake on the national political agenda this fall: the law, proposed by Senator Jesse Helms, imposing statutory content restrictions on projects receiving grants from the National Endowment for the Arts; the constitutional amendment, endorsed by President Bush, prohibiting desecration of the flag; and abortion rights.

You don't have to be a refugee from the '60s to feel as though you're living—or unliving—postwar social history all over again. Weren't these matters we could count on as settled? Are we really going to reargue, as though they had never been argued before, the merits of artistic freedom, unrestricted political expression, and access to abortion? Many people feared a rollback on "value" issues when Ronald Reagan was elected, and breathed a sigh of relief when he finally retired after having inflicted mostly rhetorical damage in that area. Now suddenly 1981 doesn't just seem like yesterday, which was depressing enough; it seems like tomorrow.

Reliving the past is part of the special pathology of '80s culture—thus the back-to-the-future aura of the flag amendment campaign, which feels like nothing so much as an effort to prevent the '60s from happening. But of course postwar history is not recyclable. Although politics in the '80s has sometimes looked like an attempt to turn the clock back to the time of the second Eisenhower administration, and although much of the popular culture seems to have fallen in love with a carefully airbrushed and glamorized picture of '50s life, we are living in a society no one from the Eisenhower administration would recognize. Even the three current political controversies, as retrograde as they appear, are symptoms of conditions that are peculiarly of the '80s.

The display of congressional pique over the Mapplethorpe exhibit had to do with a state subsidy of the arts, something the federal government has been doing directly only since 1965, when the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities was created. The endowments (they have been administered separately since 1978) currently distribute about $300 million each year. That's not much by government standards, but in the business of art and humanities funding, it's a lot. The Guggenheim Foundation's *total endowment* is $130 million. And because most of the government's grants are tiny, the public dollar is now everywhere in the artistic and scholarly worlds.

Artists and scholars have gotten used to the money—and why not? But if you choose to play in the public playground, you have to play with the Jesse Helmses and the Alfonse D'Amatos. America is a permissive country populated by noisy moralists: people may let you do what you like, but they defend to the death their right to despise you for it. As Helms put the matter, referring to Andres Serrano, creator of "Piss Christ" and recipient of an NEA-funded fellowship: "Let him be a jerk on his own time and with his own resources."

There is always one Jesse Helms. In the '80s, though, Congress suddenly seems to be composed of 500 Helmses. Moral conservatism has become, as counter-culture liberalism was in the late '60s, an official fashion. But—and this is what is distinctive about '80s conservatism—it is only one face of official fashion. For it has not exactly been a gray-flannel decade.

It isn't necessary to rehearse the obvious discontinuities between the announced values and the personal history of the man who presided over most of the '80s. Despite all the moral talk on public occasions, these are fairly amoral times. "Go for the gold" and "Go for the gusto"—no one has known how to dispute those slogans without looking like a party pooper and a bad capitalist.

Thus the term "fast track" refers to both career precocity and a hedonistic lifestyle, as though the two inevitably went together. And the decade's splashiest journalism has been devoted to the study of extravagant living by successful people. The vast majority of college students, the most truthful because the most earnest re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flectors of cultural priorities, tell poll-takers that being very well-off is more important than developing a meaningful philosophy of life (admittedly a pretty vacuous alternative, but college students probably don't know that). Taken altogether, the decade has felt like the movie *Fatal Attraction*: a conservative social message dressed up in a state-of-the-art, voyeuristic, cinematographic style. The style is, in fact, the substance; the traditionalism is largely just part of the look. In '80s America, moralism is the medicine that helps the sugar go down.

Which brings us to that bracing medication for an illness nobody knew we had, the flag amendment. Ronald Reagan was a candidate who had no respect for his opponents' ideas, perhaps because he did not always understand them and had learned that it was wiser not to pretend to. But he had some respect for his own. An idea with Reagan tended to take the form of a sentiment, and to remain in that state impregnable, like a jelly bean, to argument or vicissitude. That was at least a mark of genuineness in the man. George Bush's behavior in the 1988 presidential campaign was different. He understood the ideas of his opponent and chose to lampoon them. He was not the first politician to get elected by doing so. But he also had a good guess at his own ideas, and chose to lampoon them as well. He called those ideas "values" (a word the decade has stripped of dignity) and described them as arising from "the gut."

There is no arguing with a person's gut, any more than there is arguing with a jelly bean. So there is no arguing. It was commonly imagined by people eager to see the '80s come to an end that Reagan could safely be regarded as a kind of natural phenomenon, untouchable by ordinary politics. After eight years he would pass and we would have something different, because there can be, after all, only one Reagan. Bush is unlike Reagan in many ways, but so far as the intellectual quality of American political life is concerned, Bushism has turned out to be Reaganism by other means.

Bush's response to the Supreme Court's decision last June in *Texas* v. *Johnson*, striking down the state law under which a flag-burning protester had been convicted in 1984, followed a pattern the presidential campaign had made familiar. He understood "the legal basis" for the Court's ruling, Bush said. "But I have to give you my personal, emotional response. Flag-burning is wrong—dead wrong." Having passed the cerebral test, in other words, the Court's decision was then subjected to the more severe gastrointestinal test, which it failed. Back to the brain to prescribe a remedy: amend the Bill of Rights.

In proposing this constitutional antacid, Bush avoided the spectacular intellectual contortions of Chief Justice William Rehnquist, who tried to argue in a dissenting opinion that flag-burning did not qualify as "expression" at all, since it is a "rather inarticulate symbolic form of protest"—this after devoting much of his opinion to explaining exactly what the flag stands for. "Flag-burning," Rehnquist said, "is the equivalent of an inarticulate grunt or groan that, it seems fair to say, is most likely to be indulged in not to express any particular idea, but to antagonize others."

This is grotesque. Rehnquist knows precisely the particular idea that burning the flag expresses; that's why he hates it so. Still, groping for an intellectual principle to justify a passion, as Rehnquist did, is more admirable than abandoning an intellectual principle in deference to a passion, as Bush did. Finding legislating by gut to be as easy as it looks, the Senate passed in June, by 97-3, a resolution expressing its "profound disappointment" with the Court's ruling. One senator, Gordon Humphrey, called the vote "an exercise in silliness." Humphrey is not running for re-election.

For this cravenness in American politics Bush is responsible because he knowingly exploited the gap between majority emotions and democratic principles in the campaign, and Dukakis is responsible because he demonstrated an inability to refute even the crudest of those exploitations. The guiding spirit, though, remains Reaganism. For what was vicious about Reaganism was not the sentiments of Reagan but the cynicism of the Reaganites. "The whole Reagan presidency," Garry Wills argued in *Reagan's America*, "involved the use of his beliefs by people who only partly shared them, or barely conceived them as shareable." A spate of memoirs by former Reagan administration officials has confirmed his point.

The acceptance of a disparity between thought and conduct, between image and reality, has become a mark of our sophistication. One often heard the complaint in the '80s that the press was manipulated by images. But the press reported on manipulation night and day. Fakery was a virtual journalistic theme in the last two presidential campaigns. The point is how little it mattered. Americans know perfectly well that everything is packaged; the packaging comes, in effect, already discredited. But somehow you cannot do without it. When Senator Paul Simon ran in the Democratic presidential primary campaign, it was announced that he would not dispense with his habitual bow tie in the interests of a more up-to-date image. Much was made of this, inevitably, as an example of the "unpackaged" look.

Bush's deference to his gut (or to Lee Atwater's gut) trades on the prejudice that there is something effete or naive about living according to ideas—or about trying to make one's ideas supple and honest enough to live by. The notion receives unlikely reinforcement in the place where ideas are supposed to be taken most seriously, in the university.

One oddity of the '80s is the unusually stark difference between the politics implicit in the discourse of academics and the politics implicit and explicit in the discourse of everyone else. The country seems to be moving right; academia seems to be moving left. Thanks in part to William Bennett and Allan Bloom, this is by now a familiar—whatever you like to call it: paradox, irony, scandal. The question is, though: If professors are indoctrinating college students with all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these left-wing and anti-American ideas, why has the image of the college graduate in the '80s continued to be that of the eager conformist and aspiring professional? Anyone who teaches at an elite school knows that the best students learn with a will the most advanced critical thought about knowledge and power—the so-called relativism conservatives deplore. And then they apply to business school. What happened to the radical ideas?

One answer is that the function of college education has been transformed in the last 20 years. Its traditional purpose was to prepare people to enter the higher status professions. Now, of course, a B.A. no longer qualifies you for a desirable higher status profession; you need several more years of postgraduate education. Between 1971 and 1986, the number of bachelor's degrees awarded increased by 18 percent. But the number of master's in engineering degrees awarded between 1970 and 1986 increased by 45 percent, the number of MBAs by 85 percent, of master's in architecture by 91 percent, of M.D.s by 92 percent, and of law degrees by 140 percent.

The consequence is that students now tend to regard college as a kind of prep school; the real learning begins in professional school. This gives undergraduate education a distinctly impractical character. It's not a vacation; it's the hurdle you must jump to get to the stage of your education that will credential you for a professional career. In these circumstances, the more advanced and adversarial the ideas explored in the college classroom, the more usefully the time is spent. For it is very much an aspect of sophisticated professionalism in the '80s to see through the values of the system of which you are a part. Critical legal studies, in the beginning at least, had this kind of appeal for students at elite law schools.

But sophistication does not mean simply thinking one way and acting another. It means seeing that the intellectual grounds for action are arbitrary to begin with. The intellectual experience of college is discounted not because it seems to bear no relation to the kinds of judgments the real world will require—though it bears little enough. It is discounted because *all* intellectual experiences in our society are discounted. We know it doesn't matter what our ideas are anymore. We've gotten much too smart for that.

The abortion issue seems one place in American political life where morality and ideology get real. But it is also the place where morals and ideals, because they are most pressing, are most likely to be betrayed. There are two principles at the heart of the pro-choice position on abortion. One is the right to privacy; the other is the right to equal access. The Court affirmed the applicability to abortion law of the first right in 1973 in *Roe* v. *Wade*. It rejected the applicability of the second in a series of cases decided in 1977, effectively upholding the Carter administration's policy of proscribing the use of Medicaid to pay for abortions.

The swing vote on future abortion rulings belongs to Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. In the *Webster* case decided last summer, she did not have a problem with the part of the Missouri law that prohibited public employees from performing abortions and that banned the use of public facilities for abortions. But she had some trouble with the requirement that a fetus "viability" test be performed before aborting after the 20th week of pregnancy, on grounds that compromise there threatened to take "state interest" in human life back to the moment of conception. The objection is sensible, since whatever the constitutional provenance of the right to privacy, it is a little late in the day to overrule *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* and put states back in the business of regulating the use of contraceptives.

Everything about the economic condition of American society points to the eventual ratification of O'Connor's position: women who can afford private abortion service will continue to have abortions under some, probably patchwork, set of pseudo-scientific guidelines; women who cannot afford such service will continue to be subject to the moral fashions of public officials. This will be expediency masked as pragmatic justice—clearing the public conscience without dictating private conscience—and it will confirm the most deleterious social trend of the '80s: the creation of two permanently separate socioeconomic domains in American life.

The trend is hard to reverse in part because one of its components is so clearly desirable. The outstanding sociological fact of American life since 1970 is the entry of women into the world of work. In 1970, 38 percent of the work force was female; today the figure is 45 percent and quickly approaching 50. The significant element in the general statistic is the increase in the number of women in professional occupations. Thirty-one percent of all those new M.D.s are women, against 8.4 percent in 1970; 39 percent of new lawyers (up from 5.4 percent) and 22.6 percent of new dentists (up from less than one percent) are women.

No doubt feminist consciousness-raising contributed significantly to this development. But there was also a certain brute economic reality involved. No member of the middle class needs statistics to be convinced of this: single-earner families are economic losers. The median real income of families in which both spouses were in the labor force rose 12 percent between 1970 and 1987. The median real income of husband-only earner families *fell* two percent. To put it another way, the difference in median income between one- and two-earner households increased between 1970 and 1987 by 58 percent. This economic necessity, as it has often been pointed out, gives a powerful push to the idea of sexual equality. And the cost of unwanted pregnancies in the middle class—not only creating additional dependents but obstructing one flow of income—should produce a loud demand that the abortion option be preserved.

But there is an underside to the statistics reflecting the emergence of women as a full-fledged economic force. The other story the numbers tell is that two-earner families are becoming the norm at the upper end of the income scale, and are thus contributing to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We examine the issues before others even ask the questions.

It's no surprise that a magazine published by MIT would cover the latest developments in technology and science.

But what is surprising is the magazine's jargon-free, hard-hitting examination of the current technological issues facing society. Issues that other science magazines simply gloss over, only to uncover them much later.

Technology Review. It's biotechnology. Superconductors. Space technology. Health care. Hazardous waste. Arms control. All the latest applications examined inside out.

While Technology Review won't necessarily be optimistic about the latest so-called "advances" in technology, you will find it authoritative and surprisingly controversial. Subscribe today. We think you'll be surprised too.

Subscribe to **Technology Review** now and ge the next year (8 issues) for just $18. Save $6 off the regular $24 subscription price.

Please enter my one-year subscription to **Technology Review** at this special low rate. For new subscribers only.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed (thank you)

Please allow 4–6 weeks for delivery of first issue. Subscriptions to Canada $24; all other countries $30.

SEND TO: **TECHNOLOGY REVIEW**
P.O. BOX 489
MT. MORRIS, IL 61054

A92PNR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extreme attenuation of the scale of wealth—richer rich, poorer poor—that is the great social legacy of Reaganomics. When the second earner in a family is a gynecologist, that family has obviously taken a huge jump up the income ladder away from the family in which the second earner is a manicurist.

This is where the right to privacy meets the right to access. The moral test of any pro-choice law will be the refusal to stop at the door of the underprivileged. But the center on this issue, the place where the pragmatic pro-choice position meets the pragmatic anti-abortion position, is likely to be the place Justice O'Connor occupies: some limit on "state interest," but no public monies for abortion.

The middle class may find it natural to accept this result because it has already accepted—it has already *had* to accept—the world it reflects. For strung out along the tightly stretched income line, the middle class is possessed by what Barbara Ehrenreich has called "the fear of falling." The domain the middle class clings to is the domain of the private; the domain it dreads falling into is the domain of the public.

The disparity between the two worlds has never been so extreme in American life, not because there has not always been a small group insulated by private wealth, but because there has never been such a large group so dependent on public wealth. Nor have we had, in the period of the postwar welfare state, a national government so little disposed to exercise its redistributive function.

The institutional symptom of this condition is privatization: private mail service, private garbage collection, private security, private schooling, and (coming soon) private roads and bridges. Once the perquisites of the rich, these are becoming the requisites of middle-class life. And the less the middle class is inclined to use public facilities, the less it is inclined to pay for them. The elimination of the right to abortion for all women would almost be better than permitting in the private world what a fashionable morality finds it improper to pay for in the public world. Conscience is not a monopoly of the affluent.

It was the '70s that witnessed the beginning of the tax revolt that contributed to the impoverishment of the public realm, and that conservative Republicans have converted into a kind of negative ideology of public service. And it was the Carter administration that separated what public money would do in the matter of abortion from what private money could do. When Carter was asked, in 1977, how he justified permitting privately paid-for abortions while denying abortions to women on Medicaid, his answer was that "many things in life are not fair." In the '70s that sounded like the realism of hard choices. In the '80s it has become the theology of privilege.

American political life has never been a consistently reliable source of sustenance; and most people who grew up in the '50s and '60s have come to count, for their sense of value and style and even identity, on the ambient culture that has given postwar American life its special richness: movies, television, music, fiction, advertising, design. In the '80s this culture seems to have reached a very high level of technical accomplishment, and then to have run out of anything fresh to say.

On the one hand, the degree of integration is fantastic. A new stylistic idea moves from a pop song to an architectural design, or from a painting to a television commercial, as quickly as a million dollars moves from a video display terminal in New York to a video display terminal in Tokyo. You feel that you would not be surprised to read that the next interesting building in Los Angeles is being designed by Madonna. One reason the political culture seems so provincial is that the ambient culture seems so thrillingly rootless, a great global air plant.

On the other hand, that culture also seems thrillingly vacant. The wonderful package has nothing inside; you have to be satisfied with the promise of a sequel. It seems appropriate that the most interesting "high" art form (to use a distinction now virtually meaningless) of the decade is architecture: a magnificently articulated skin, body to be supplied by someone else. And that the most highly developed "popular" form is the television talk and interview show, on which the faces and the issues come and go, but the format is always the same.

There is a genuine aesthetic frisson in emptiness, in the origami peacock that turns back into a sheet of paper—just as there is a genuine intellectual fascination in the deconstructed sentence that floats in the abyss of indeterminacy. There is even, as the theoreticians of postmodernism argue, an existential correlative to this culture of infinite interchangeability: the rootlessness of the culture and the rootlessness of the money are signs of the same condition. Identity no longer grows out of the solid ground of class, nation, geography, race; it is a fluid matrix of signifiers.

But '80s culture is not entirely without reference to a real social condition, and that condition is a little less glamorous than the postmodernist image of the endlessly proliferating simulacrum of international capitalist culture would have it. One thing '80s culture proliferates is an inexhaustible supply of nostalgic imagery, historical events that return—via movies, television, popular fiction—in the form of personal memories. You sometimes feel as though you have spent the decade reliving the whole postwar era on videotape. All dates have become anniversaries—Watergate, Woodstock, V-J Day. All entertainment is recycled—Ringo Starr, "Mission Impossible," "The Honeymooners," The Who. The '80s is so obsessed with the past that it is hard to imagine how we will ever feel nostalgic for the '80s. Will we be nostalgic for nostalgia?

But all the nostalgia tends to center on a particular, sacred moment. For the '80s' special passion is for the '50s, and for exactly those things in the '50s that the '60s was supposed to have made obsolete.

Even if you are nominally a "'60s person," you have to acknowledge that the '50s has won the style war. You

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would rather listen to Elvis Presley than to Cream. You would rather eat a cheeseburger in a diner than anything in an organic food restaurant. You would rather wear a skinny tie and a shiny suit and waste gas going nowhere in a Buick than wear bell-bottoms and a work shirt and drive a VW to the sit-in. This period style has been reprocessed and repeated in a hundred Hollywood movies and a hundred thousand commercials trading on baby boomer nostalgia.

This time the package contains a message. Conservatism, even the rather promiscuous conservatism of the '80s, requires a picture of what the traditional society looks like, what American life in its timeless essence truly is. The '50s (more specifically, since we can have the decade exactly as we want it, from 1954, the birth of rock 'n' roll, to November 22, 1963) became that picture. Even if we are too young or too old, that decade has become the time we all grew up in. America is high school. Everyone makes out; and everyone repeats the pledge, even the nerd with the copy of *Swedish Land Use Planning*.

The reprocessed '50s (a lot sexier, and the music startlingly better than most people can honestly remember) is also a useful disguise. This is where the culture's real work is done. For the '50s outfit is being worn by a much smaller man. America emerged from the war a colossus in a world of cripples. It owed its economic and political pre-eminence, as Paul Kennedy's best-selling book makes clear, to circumstances that could be only temporary. The rest of the world, as it recovered from a war virtually none of which was fought on American ground, was bound to rise; in relative terms, America was therefore bound to decline.

The immense trade deficits of the Reagan years are the clearest indication that the altered international order has arrived. But there are domestic measures as well. Since 1982 the American economy has been in a record period of sustained growth; yet the average annual growth rate from 1980 to 1988 was three percent, and the average annual growth rate from 1950 to 1958 was 4.7 percent. More striking is the shrinkage in personal expectations. Someone entering the work force in the '50s and '60s could expect his real income to increase by 110 percent in the first ten years. Someone entering in the '70s could expect only a 16 percent increase. In 1973 the median household income (in 1987 dollars) was $26,884. In 1987, at the height of the Reagan boom, it was $25,986. The '80s, in short, could not afford to *be* the '50s; the style, though, was cheap.

Half the culture seems designed to distract the middle class from its expectations by infantilizing—or adolescentizing—its entertainment. Thus the juvenile brilliance of Hollywood movie-making in the Lucas-Spielberg era. The other half seems intended to coat necessity with the gloss of pleasure. Thus the yuppie culture, among other things a way of representing hard work as enjoyment by means of representing enjoyment—the racquetball game, the loft renovation, the preparation of the state-of-the-art dinner—as hard work. Less demographically specific is the proliferation of televised sport, which, along with "L.A. Law" at one end of the income scale and Miller beer commercials at the other, forms part of a major cultural project of the '80s: the aestheticization of work.

Still, the culture of movies and music feels as static as the culture of the political life. Every three years there is another *Rocky*, but it is always the same movie. The reason the '80s will not die, it seems, is that there is nothing waiting to take its place.

Nothing is more exemplary of this condition than the hope for change held out by people dissatisfied with the present ethos. "At some point, shortly before or after the year 1990, there should come a sharp change in the national mood and direction," Arthur Schlesinger Jr. predicted in *The Cycles of American History*, published in 1986. How does he know this? Because it has always been that way: every 30 years a conservative era of "private interest" gives way to a progressive period of "public action." Because it once was, it must be again—the motto of the times.

It seems safe to say, despite the lack of much evidence, that '80s culture will not last forever. But there are at least three reasons why whatever replaces the '80s will not, Schlesinger's astrological forecast notwithstanding, be especially reminiscent of the '60s. The first is that insofar as postwar American culture follows the life history of the baby boom population, that population, as it becomes older, will only become more conservative. This is not to say that it won't grow into a more public-spirited or reformist mood, only that the reformism is not likely to be particularly wild-eyed. The '60s was a youth culture consumed by a disproportionately youthful people. We are now growing disproportionately middle-aged.

The second reason is that we have come to believe that we can't afford it. Eighties affluence is not the same thing as '50s prosperity. The former was achieved at the cost of rending the social fabric, of creating two disparate scales of expectation corresponding to two disparate socioeconomic realms. Bringing those spheres back into alignment requires more than political will; it requires economic resources, enough that we can afford to lose some competitive ground internationally to gain some social ground at home. One reason we lack the will is that we suspect we lack the wealth. If we recover the will, it will be because we have convinced ourselves that our ability to compete depends on a healthy and integrated work force. That's not exactly '60s logic.

The last reason is that not even the people who say they want the '60s back really want the '60s back. What they want is the idealism, the nonconformity, and some of the music, without the violence, the drugs, the extremism, and most of the clothing. They want the authenticity without the excess, a kind of edited-for-television version of the '60s. That wouldn't be so bad. But they won't get it by waiting for the past to return. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Turbulent Lives

In 1984 a young Martinique woman named Euzhan Palcy made a first film called *Sugar Cane Alley* that took its viewers with tenderness and truth. Adapted from a novel about the lives of Martinique blacks (Palcy is black), it told the ancient, always moving story of a poor boy fighting his way upward so that, in time, he can help the world he fought his way out of.

As with impressive first novels, one function of an impressive first film is to act as a challenge for the second one. Now Palcy presents her second work, and the challenge is only partly met. **A Dry White Season** (MGM) was adapted from an André Brink novel (which I haven't read) by Colin Welland, who wrote *Chariots of Fire*, and Palcy. The setting is Johannesburg, the focus is the Soweto uprising of 1976. The subject of South African racial conflict must be welcomed if the work breaks new ground. The audience—at least the potentially responsive audience—wants more on the subject, not in quantity but in enlightenment, factual or otherwise. This is where Palcy's film centrally disappoints: it merely repeats.

We see the brutalities and injustices, no less brutal and unjust than ever; but by now they mark a point (in films) past which we want to penetrate. Here we get only the same Boer intransigence ("We *made* this country"), the same courageous black revolt as in previous films, with so little freshness of view that we almost feel we are being exploited emotionally. Buttons are being pushed to evoke our feelings. (Obviously I'm not talking about the situation in reality but its fictional use.) In her first film Palcy took a familiar story and vitalized it with the immediacy of her experience and perception. Here she seems nearly as much a visitor as ourselves; she deals in symbology and language that are hand-me-downs.

This becomes uncomfortably patent in the dialogue, which is hung with clichés. For instance, a civil rights lawyer responds to a client's plea for justice by explaining to him that there's a difference between justice and law.

The protagonist, or at least the fulcrum, is a liberal white schoolteacher, played by Donald Sutherland, but this character simply can't bear the weight that the story places on him. He is shown as intelligent and aware, humanely concerned about his black gardener who is caught cruelly in the troubles. Yet this intelligent, aware teacher can't believe the violence against blacks when he first hears of it or for a long time after. Toward the end of the picture he says, "I've been too naive for too long," and we can't even believe that: he could not have been so naive for so long.

This is all grievous for the film, because his change of view is the pivotal action. If Sutherland had been shown to be a stubborn conservative who disbelieves—or chooses to disbelieve—in the bloody oppression because he needs that disbelief to maintain his beliefs, if this stubbornness had then cracked under the pressure of events, the man's evolution might have been credible, even poignant. As is, this teacher, sympathetic to blacks from the start yet unaware of their treatment, must be either myopic or stupid—at best, a patent scriptwriter's device.

Palcy and colleagues have also done some heavily explicit editing, persistently intercutting sequences of white luxe with black squalor, well-scrubbed white children at play with ragged black children being murdered. Nothing is left to evocation, the sort of evocation that stirs us so deeply in Athol Fugard's best plays about the black-white conflict in South Africa.

However, the Palcy of *Sugar Cane Alley* is visible in the way the film is directed. (The exteriors were shot in Zimbabwe.) She works with economy and flair—some sense of movement as gesture. And she deals empathically with her exceptional cast: she and her actors seem to endorse one another.

Sutherland struggles seriously with his role, but it's an uphill fight. He can never be truly affecting in this basically silly part, but we can at least see and understand what is supposed to be going on in him. Janet Suzman plays his reactionary wife with grim opposition. (Suzman is herself a South African of liberal leanings, so her casting in this role is some-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle. *Eric Rohmer's style is mercurial. Here he controls it, to look with sympathy and wit into the friendship of two young women. (Reviewed 8/28/89)* **High Fidelity.** *Allan Miller, musician and filmmaker, explores the work and lives of the Guarneri Quartet. Fascinating and delightful. (9/18&25/89)* **sex, lies and videotape.** *Stillness, perception, evocation—these distinguish Steven Soderbergh's extraordinary first film about four young people in Baton Rouge. (9/4/89)* **When Harry Met Sally....** *The sort of brisk, bright dialogue that many of us spout in our fantasy encounters with the opposite sex. Plus lively acting. Entertaining glitz. (8/21/89)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing of a sly reversal, like Jane Fonda as a conservative in *Comes A Horseman*.) The three best-known South African black actors—Zakes Mokae, Winston Ntshona, and John Kani, all brought to world attention by Fugard—give dreadful authenticity to their performances. Michael Gambon, known here for "The Singing Detective," known in the English theater for a range of important roles, does a turn as a magistrate, complete with corkscrew South African accent. For some obscure reason, Susan Sarandon appears, as a British reporter, in a role so skimpy that no impression is possible. Perhaps the part was cut in production or editing.

Then there's the great Marlon Brando question—or would be, if he were continuing his career. (He has announced that, having finished a subsequent film, he's retiring.) Brando plays the civil rights lawyer, seasoned but not weary, decent but skeptical, and he is entirely adequate. He can't be more than that for two reasons. First, the part is stock. We've seen this character often before, used as he is here—an audience-flattering mechanism. The basic assumption of his role is that all of us right-thinkers out front understand and sympathize with him. Second, which gives the term "great" added meaning, Brando is now so enormous that we spend a good deal of the short time he is on screen mourning his bulk. His face thick-painted, his hair gone gray, his weighty walk aided by a cane, he is Clarence Darrow à la blimp. If he weren't retiring, we'd have to worry that he intended to fill the gap left by Orson Welles.

Palcy's second film avoids the plunge that such young directors as Claudia Weill and Susan Seidelman took: their first films, personal and warm, served only as springboards for a dive into the golden studio pool. Palcy is clearly trying to maintain self and work, to continue personally, not to disown herself. She still gives us grounds for hope.

Sea of Love (Universal) might better be called *Swamp of Love*. In this screenplay written by Richard Price, Al Pacino is (again) a New York cop, a detective with 20 years service, full of knowingness and nausea, divorced and somewhat despondent. His partner on his cases is married to his ex-wife. (Is such an assignment possible, Mayor Koch?) After they fight, Pacino is reassigned. He and his new partner set out to solve a series of murders of men who ran singles ads. In the course of the investigation, Pacino meets Ellen Barkin, and that's what the picture is really about.

The story begins very slowly, is padded with mechanical suspense sequences, and ends with one of those long nights in which the hero goes through a series of adventures that would hospitalize Superman. Pacino gives his usual, long-waisted, slurring performance—sloppiness of every kind is supposed to guarantee truth. The surrounding male actors do their best to live down to his level. Barkin, who started as an actress, is now a professional sex bomb. The picture was made for the scenes in which Pacino and Barkin slam into each other in bedrooms.

Robert Brustein on Theater

Further Thoughts on Olivier

An informed and literate reader, having thanked me for my obituary of Olivier, takes exception to the fact that I accompanied my account of this late great actor's contributions to modern theater "with unjustified comments about Gielgud's contrasting nestling in yesterday's theatrical styles and material." He goes on to say, "This constantly repeated assertion that Gielgud's career was in contrast with Olivier's because of its retrograde direction is becoming an understood 'truth,' like the ridiculous label of Ronald Reagan's being 'The Great Communicator.' . . . A comparison of Olivier's and Gielgud's careers indicates that Olivier made the important move to 'new' drama first, but otherwise the careers are remarkably parallel, except that Sir John has been lucky enough to enjoy better health. . . . Gielgud is getting a bum rap that needs correction."

I am happy to make the correction in my own remarks, and I want to apologize if, in my eagerness to praise Olivier, I added to the store of misapprehension regarding John Gielgud's underappreciated career. His participation in the plays of Pinter and Bond, as well as his daring contribution to Peter Brook's phallic version of Seneca's *Oedipus*, mark him as a truly intrepid spirit with no fear of modernist directions or avant-garde directors. His own directorial work, while hardly experimental, has generally been underestimated as well. Gielgud's 25-year-old production of *The Cherry Orchard*—with Trevor Howard as Lopahin—is still a touchstone of Chekhov production, probing more deeply into the play's double-sided humor and sadness than any other English version, including Brook's.

I am, nonetheless, not so willing to retract my opinion that Gielgud lacks Olivier's art of transformation. Gielgud's superb vocal instrument, with its shimmering cello tones, is both his glory and his limitation, being a performance trademark. Gielgud is open to new material but invariably imprints it with his own personal style. And although his vocalizing produces great beauty and emotional power, it usually plants the personality of the actor on the threshold of his role. As Olivier himself rather unchivalrously phrased it in his book *On Acting*, whenever Gielgud was on the verge of making an unusual character choice, he invariably "would dive straight back into the honey."

As a consequence, Gielgud normally materializes in contemporary works as a traditional figure—a kind of Edwardian gentleman navigating the shoals of modern life. Sometimes this works well for him: much of the success of the movie *Arthur* was surely the result of juxtaposing Gielgud's formal deportment as an unflappable butler with Dudley Moore's slurred clownery as a bibulous millionaire. And sometimes this contrast can create wonderful comic shocks, as in the priceless moment in that film when Gielgud loftily asks his drunken charge, "Shall I wash your dick?"

On the other hand, his portrayal of Cassius in John Houseman's movie of *Julius Caesar*, while a brilliant performance, was noteworthy for being totally isolated in style from that of the other actors. It was possible to say, as critics did at the time, that Gielgud was giving a lesson in Shakespearean acting to such inexperienced Americans as Marlon Brando, Edmond O'Brien, and Louis Calhern. But it is noteworthy that Gielgud made no effort whatever to accommodate himself to the more casual, naturalistic approach of the movie. He might have given exactly the same performance on the stage of the Old Vic with a cast of Garrick Club cronies.

This is what I mean by personality acting—the refusal or inability to adapt oneself to the style, concept, character, or circumstance demanded by the occasion. Gielgud is the very best of the personality actors because he doesn't grandstand and because he has an almost religious devotion to the language he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speaks. An actor of supreme dignity and intelligence, he never feels compelled to sell his audience on personal charm or idiosyncrasy—as, say, Ian McKellen has been doing in recent performances. Instead, he seems to regard himself as an instrument for transmitting great verse and prose, transfigured into passionate sounds through an extraordinary voice box and a genius for poetic interpretation.

Olivier's voice, on the other hand, was a rather thin and reedy instrument, capable at times of making stirring sounds, but often choppy in accent, occasionally nasal, lacking in timbre. He was a cat who moved better than he talked, but I think that one of the reasons we revere him is because, dissatisfied with his own equipment, he always pushed himself beyond his capabilities. Everyone knows that Olivier, in order to play Othello, trained for months to use the untapped lower registers of his voice, but this was not an isolated stunt. He made similar efforts for every role he acted, whether finding the heroic yelps of Henry V, the murmurous reflectiveness of Hamlet, or the pinched tenor sniping of Richard III. It was through dissatisfaction with himself that Olivier changed from a matinee idol into a great classic actor—rather like the awkward girl who decides to be a dancer or the stammerer who chooses to be a public speaker. Gielgud's genius is natural; Olivier's was willed.

"My stage successes," he wrote, "have provided me with the greatest moments outside myself, my film successes the best moments, professionally, within myself." This is one of the reasons he preferred the stage over what he called "that anemic little medium," the movies. Theater permitted him to transcend his self—a self in which he always lacked confidence—and enter the self of others. Olivier's celebrated fondness for applying disguises—a nose, false teeth, an eye patch, a wig, a walk—marked him as an authentic character actor, and there wasn't a role, no matter how repellent, with which he failed to find some sympathy.

Gielgud is also devoted primarily to the stage, but only partly out of choice. His personality is too rich, or perhaps too eccentric, for most film roles. His greatest successes have rarely been "outside myself," like Olivier's. Makeup is not his forte; he never alters his voice to suit a character; and he very rarely plays villains or character parts unless they conform to his own personality. In short, he is not notable for transformation.

Transforming actors, admittedly, are not universally admired these days, especially if their character work is externally applied. Stanislavski advised actors to build a character around a core of self, as a guarantee of truthful presentation. The best American character actors—Brando, De Niro, Hoffman—may make major changes in their voice or appearance, but somehow always leave a personal stamp on their roles. Brando hoarsened his voice and packed his mouth with wadding in *The Godfather*; De Niro accumulated huge rolls of fat in *Raging Bull*; Hoffman hunched and sagged and aged in *Death of a Salesman*. But their recognition value for the average spectator was never entirely lost, largely because such actors invariably work from a foundation of personal truth.

From this coign of vantage, Olivier could be accused, with some justice, of being an external actor, and there is little question that by contrast with the concentrated intensity of the Method school, he occasionally appeared showy, stagy, a little on the surface. But considering the range of his roles, critics might concede that this was a small price to pay for the variety of his characterizations. Few of our Method actors have ever wandered far from proletarian and middle-class parts in contemporary American works, while Olivier—committed to everything from Sophocles to John Osborne, equally adept in dramas, comedies, farces, or musicals—played kings and commoners, as well as Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Americans, Jews, and Africans. Not all of these characterizations were equally convincing—like most English actors, he often stumbled over dialect. But he was a complete and universal artist, a walking anthology of great roles, who understood that acting was not just a personal career choice, but a method of transmitting an important cultural heritage.

What he always displayed—and what most of our own actors lack—was a consummate love of performing, and his appetite for the stage was communicated in the relish with which he attacked his parts. Part of our enjoyment in him surely was watching him enjoy himself. That is why, when illness exiled him to the movies, he began to ache with nostalgia and remorse: "I should be soaring away with my head tilted slightly towards the gods," he wrote, "feeding on the caviar of Shakespeare. . . . I was made to perform, and it's not easy to be put out to grass, left to feed on memories and friendships." Compare our own actors, feeding not on Shakespeare but on Hollywood lotus blossoms, passionate about every cause but theater, whether it be the plight of the Indians or the deterioration of the environment, when the one condition they are really empowered to change is the erosion of theater art, and the loss of theater culture, through their own defections for careerist purposes.

I began by trying to draw a contrast between Olivier and Gielgud, but in this regard they shared the same values and traditions—a passion for the art they served. That is why we love such actors and why, when they are on it, we love the stage.

How He Did It

BY RICHARD TARUSKIN

Art and Enterprise in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes by Lynn Garafola

(Oxford University Press, 512 pp., $29.95)

It has been exactly 60 years since the death of Sergei Diaghilev (the greatest impresario the world has ever known) and the demise of his enterprise. It is altogether amazing that it has been that long, for Diaghilev has remained steadily salient in European and American artistic consciousness. He still has to be counted among the formative influences on today's world of art.

One of the less mysterious reasons for his uncanny hold is that his collaborators were all so young, and outlived him by so many decades. Lynn Garafola, the author of what is surely the most detached (and therefore the most valuable) account of his extraordinary career, has an engagingly simple explanation for that fact: youth is cheap. Among Diaghilev's strategies for keeping his enterprise afloat, especially in its straitened phases, was hiring not-yet-famous talent (and then, by making them famous, putting them out of his own reach). Though it ultimately spelled trivialization, it was a policy that kept the Ballets Russes interesting and au courant, and kept attracting new audiences. It not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only made for great waves of turnover in the Diaghilev personnel, it also contributed to the enterprise's legendary powers of artistic self-renewal. And while none of this necessarily denies the reality of aesthetic motivation or poetic conviction (to say nothing of the inspired pedophilia detectable in the great man from the start, which gave him such a nose for youthful—often teenaged—genius), it does show the way in which lofty artistic superstructures inevitably rest on a material base.

That is Garafola's overriding thesis, and she supports it with a breathtaking array of new documentary materials mined from some two dozen public and private archives in six countries on both sides of the water; from memoirs published and unpublished; from the contemporary periodical press (arts journals, dance publications, society columns); and from the surviving (sometimes crucial) subscriber list or *feuille de location*. Garafola has realized that the Diaghilev phenomenon needed not another enthusiastic analyst, but an *annaliste*—someone who, instead of trying to get inside Diaghilev's head, would take the careful measure of his activity from without; who prefers assessing results to divining intentions.

There is a certain urgency to the project, for we are beginning to lose touch with Diaghilev, and the prospect of loss has bred anxiety. One of his composers, the nonagenarian Vittorio Rieti, survives at this writing, but with the death in 1971 of Stravinsky, Diaghilev's first and mightiest musical protégé, the era of great composers seemed to close. None of Diaghilev's choreographers still lives, and Balanchine's passing in 1983 marked the same sort of epoch as Stravinsky's. (A few of Diaghilev's dancers are with us, and Alexandra Danilova is still functioning to a degree as a teacher; but, as Garafola makes clear with the sardonic and even bitter recollections of many dancers from Balanchine on down, the dancers were not creative participants in the Diaghilev enterprise, and the technique they inherited and passed on was the standard academic one.)

But Diaghilev-longing, and the craving to understand him, goes well beyond nostalgia. Traditional arts enterprises the world over are in extremis. What will save them? What keeps fine art alive in a hostile world? Diaghilev, and no one since, seemed to know; and so we cling to him. What can this legendary *barin*, this grand seigneur of culture teach us now?

As long as Diaghilev alumni were creatively active and prosperous, the period of high modernism (we know now that it was traditional and conservative) could not be said to have ended. Now it can. Those who mourn it, mourn Diaghilev.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Garafola herself is among the mourners. In a tough-minded coda she claims that "since Diaghilev's day, ballet has gradually slipped back to the sidelines from which he rescued it."

But if ballet is on the sidelines now, what is at center stage? She does not say, and I find the question painful to contemplate. She hints that revivals have taken the place of creation, which is a sort of answer, and one that can be generalized far beyond ballet. "Significantly," she remarks, "the one occasion in recent years when [ballet's] isolation was broken was the New York premiere of the Joffrey Ballet's reconstruction of Nijinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*." What set it apart for her was the fact that "the house was packed with artists, critics, and intellectuals, an audience reminiscent of Diaghilev days." That description does not quite accord with the historical record she has pieced together, but the point is well enough taken.

Sentiments and presentiments like these must have been part of what impelled Garafola to read all the fine print in Diaghilev's contracts. With her book, and with less than a dozen years to spare, the Diaghilev literature at last enters the 20th century. This is the first study of the impresario and his accomplishments to be informed by sophisticated historical methods, the first to meet professional historiographical standards. It has its limitations, and I shall get to them. But first things first: having slogged through all its predecessors, I can report that it is a breakthrough, an epochmaker. The answers she has found to many of the riddles surrounding the Ballets Russes, and thence to some of the pressing cultural questions of our time, are anything but reassuring; but they are definitive. In light of Garafola's lessons, we will be forced at last to bid adieu to Diaghilev and to all that he stood for.

The central portion of the book, its heart, charts Diaghilev's fiscal vicissitudes over the whole course of his adventure in the west, from its origins around 1906 under the protection of the Russian crown to its later scrounging existence in the marketplace when there was no longer the Russian crown to protect it. "The acquisition of money, like its expenditure, entails choices and relationships." Thus the story is launched. Diaghilev's aesthetic choices and his artistic alliances (rather cursorily sketched in an opening section) will be explained and substantiated in the light of lucre. Fingers crossed, the author states her case: "If the Ballets Russes gave birth to artistic trends that dominated ballet long after Diaghilev's death, the history of the company as a social and financial entity had repercussions that continue to be felt even today."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After a rather uncertain beginning, in which Garafola betrays a weak grasp of the Russian background (she completely misunderstands, for example, the Russian term "free artist" [*svobodny khudozhnik*], thinking it means something like "free-lance artist," when it was the very opposite, a bureaucratic title comparable to a civil service rank), she finds her feet, or rather, she plants them securely in the archives, when she describes Diaghilev's brief association with the management of St. Petersburg's Imperial Theaters. It was this organization that furnished him with his lifelong model, even if he could not always live up to it.

The Russian Imperial Theaters were, to an extent unthinkable anywhere else in Europe, a court institution. That applied especially to the ballet. Its audience was almost completely made up of aristocrats and their retinues. Diaghilev could never have embarked on his "export campaign"—his program of exhibiting Russian talent to the west—without the support of aristocratic patronage at the "Very Highest Level," as the phrase went in czarist Russia. The unflagging support of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the czar's uncle, was essential to Diaghilev's survival as an impresario in the face of hostility from the minister of the Imperial Court and his minion, the intendant of the Imperial Theaters, who conspired to have him fired from his brief official posts.

Although Diaghilev was always regarded by most of the royals and their retainers as an upstart, once he turned his sights toward France he became useful to the Imperial government. From its perspective, he was a way of courting the new "*nation amie et alliée*" and cementing the fragile ties that united the two countries against the Triple Alliance. With the air of someone uncovering the latest "cultural" beneficiary of CIA funds, Garafola reveals to what extent Diaghilev's activities in Paris were underwritten by the crown. "The flow of patronage bespoke a larger design, a game of international cultural politics in which Diaghilev (like today's Bolshoi Ballet) was but one among a host of financial and foreign office players." Diaghilev signed his early contracts as "Attaché in the Personal Chancellery of His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia."

On the very eve of the 1909 season, Grand Duke Vladimir suddenly dropped dead. This misfortune led, through a series of court intrigues and mysterious cancellations of contracts, to the withdrawal of the crown subsidy. Garafola tries hard to make Diaghilev's homosexuality, and what she regards as its flagrant personification in the figure of Nijinsky, the precipitating cause of the government's withdrawal of support. "As a public symbol of Diaghilev's sexual proclivities," she writes, Nijinsky and his promotion at the expense of ballerinas like Pavlova "caused no little consternation in court circles."

This is nonsense, based on the family memoirs of Diaghilev's worst enemy (Baron Fredericks, the minister of the Imperial Court, who was chiefly responsible for the discontinuance of his allowance). It is redolent of that equally ludicrous gossip about the circumstances of Tchaikovsky's death that went around a few years ago and snared the gullible. Nowhere on earth were hints of homosexual proclivities less likely to cause consternation than the Russian court under the last czar, as several writers have now observed with reference to Tchaikovsky. Another royal uncle, the Grand Duke Sergei, breezed into Paris one year "*avec sa maîtresse M-r un tel*" (according to one of the local papers), provoking nothing but titters at home. When Count Lamsdorf, the Russian foreign minister, whom Czar Nikolai amiably called "Madame," marked his 30th anniversary "in the corridors of the Foreign Ministry," a conservative publisher, who did find such things scandalous, observed that "as . . . all men are for him sluts, he thus spent 30 years in a bordello." From an aristocratic perspective, the horror of sexual "inversion" was, as a cultural historian ought to know, strictly a bourgeois solecism.

Whatever the reasons, Diaghilev found himself in 1909 without crown funds, and without a base. And so the Ballets Russes were born, out of the impresario's need to make a quick cutback. Up to now Diaghilev had seen his highest goal in exporting opera, not ballet. His initial plan, after the sensational (and heavily subsidized) 1908 Paris production of *Boris Godunov* that revealed Chaliapin to the west, was to follow up with a *saison russe* featuring a number of complete operas as vehicles for the great basso. For variety, a single evening of ballet was projected, as a showcase for Fokine's *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, the brainchild of Alexander Benois, Diaghilev's close collaborator of long standing. In the throes of economic disaster, however, Diaghilev managed to salvage his season by presenting only one opera in full, and reducing two others to single acts that would each play in a triple bill with two ballets.

This meant concocting an extra ballet in a hurry (Fokine adroitly plundered the work of his predecessors for a *suite de danses* called *Le Festin*). More important, it meant that, contrary to the original plan, ballet suddenly loomed larger than opera in the programs of the *saison russe*. And when the receipts were tallied up, it was evident that, contrary to expectation, the relatively cheap ballets had succeeded where the insanely expensive operas had failed. When word came from Chaliapin that he would not be available for Paris appearances in 1910, it was not entirely unwelcome news. As Benois (no lover of opera) never tired of chortling, "Diaghilev saw himself, quite contrary to his own tastes, forced to limit his repertoire to ballets." From now on, too, it would be in uneasy joint ventures with local impresarios, in perennial supplication to titled ladies and Jewish bankers, and in a state of perpetual nomadism that Diaghilev and his company would lead their lives.

The ease with which Diaghilev compromised "his own tastes"—and then (with the assistance of Stravinsky, his great discovery of 1910) launched his furious propaganda not only on behalf of ballet, but pointedly at the expense of opera—testifies to his mastery of the art of conquest. Spurred by financial necessity, and aided by the host of creative geniuses he attracted to his enterprise, Diaghilev succeeded in resurrecting a moribund and disreputable art, an art long since written off to snobs and tired businessmen. He gave it not only social respectability (especially in England, where ballet lessons improbably became a social obligation for well-bred maidens), but an artistic vitality it had never before possessed. "His extraordinary genius," writes Garafola, lay in "his intuitive understanding of how the marketplace might be exploited to serve the traditional ends of high art."

At first he was able to bring off this feat in regal style. One of Garafola's most striking passages shows in actual figures how much more Diaghilev paid his dancers—even the lowliest members of the *corps*—than the Imperial Theaters, from whom he first "borrowed" them for summer work. Thus he had no trouble staffing his company when, in 1911, he incorporated the independent Ballets Russes and became his dancers' primary employer. It was thanks to this speculative enterprise that there became such a thing as a free-lance dancer or a free-lance choreographer, who possessed what Garafola bluntly calls "cash value in the marketplace."

At first this presented a problem. "For Diaghilev, the triumph of the 1910 season demonstrated the viability of a permanent company; for Fokine, success that year spelled the opening of a brilliant and many-faceted career." A career unbeholden to institutions was now pos-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible. In Fokine's case it quickly took him away from Diaghilev, as "pride of ownership," of his work and his own person, replaced "pride in creation."

It is in this economic liberation that Garafola sees, not altogether convincingly, the seeds of modernist style. The "ballet master," whose identity derived from that of the institution he served and its traditions, became an "artist" from whose "imagination came the total vision of [his] works, a vision that determined not only their theme, structure, and floor pattern, but elements such as technique, body posture, and presentation traditionally belonging to a 'school.'" She goes on to claim, somewhat fuzzily, that this vision, "at once subjective in origin and universal in its application, is the pivot on which the modern concept of style turns, whether in poetry or painting, fiction or music." Say, rather, the romantic concept, which came belatedly to an art that had remained throughout the 19th century uniquely dependent upon institutions. It was a concept that true modernists, including ballet modernists, quite specifically rejected. (Ask Lincoln Kirstein.) In particular, such a characterization of the new status of the choreographer rings less true of Nijinsky, a choreographer far more modernist than Fokine. It misrepresents his relationship to Diaghilev, who was in every sense of the word Nijinsky's patron, not just his employer.

Eventually market economics became the dancers' problem, not the impresario's. From "free artists" (as Garafola uses the term), they became wage slaves. In the postwar phase of Diaghilev's enterprise, as the company teetered perpetually on the brink of bankruptcy, and when emulation of his success brought on a labor glut, the dancers themselves were forced to become their employers' patrons by dint of material sacrifice and virtually uncompensated work. (Must we, with Garafola, call this "surplus value"?) Overt patronage came more and more from the self-made aristocracy of wealth, not birth—that is, from successful entrepreneurs such as Chanel. The impresarios with whom Diaghilev now collaborated were as often the proprietors of music halls and variety theaters as of opera houses (and the opera house at Monte Carlo, Diaghilev's base in the early 1920s, was supported by the casino).

All of this inevitably told on style and repertoire. It contributed to that catastrophic descent into pop ephemera, that merger of art and chic (well rationalized by "modernism" à la Cocteau), over which historians of the Ballets Russes have always indulged in a ritual wringing of hands. And not only historians: in 1920 Frederick Delius called upon "every musician of serious aims" to "declare, in the interests of the public, what is his attitude towards current attempts on the part of Russian impresarios, Parisian decadents and the press-agents, to degrade his art to the level of a side-show at a fair."

Despite everything, it was not an infallible recipe for success. Indeed, she who invokes surplus value sees the failure of the London *Sleeping Beauty* of 1921 as proof of "the inadequacy of 'free enterprise' as a system of artistic production." What began (in her telling) as an idealistic "collective enterprise" that kept everyone happy and brought forth a cornucopia of masterworks reverted to an oppressive "throwback to czarist social styles" that turned out a tawdry product even as it inclined alarmingly toward fascism. (There is a chilling list of former Ballets Russes personnel who collaborated in the 1940s.) Recognizing the contradictions inherent in the conditions of the enterprise's postwar existence, Garafola sees them as a devil's bargain: "The man of art pledged fealty to the avant-garde while the man of business allied his enterprise with *le tout Paris* and London's popular stage."

This is the crux. Only if the artistic side of the equation holds up can the rest serve as an object lesson for these distracted times. Otherwise the story of Diaghilev becomes a cautionary tale. Unfortunately, there is little reason, even on Garafola's evidence, to credit Diaghilev's commitment to the "avant-garde," in this or any other period. There is, consequently, little cause to see in him a culture hero. Diaghilev's—and ballet's—primary commitment was not to modernism; it was to an increasingly *démodé* aristocracy.

Admittedly, the two spheres did overlap considerably, especially in the context of the formative battles Diaghilev waged in his youth against proponents of "utilitarian" aesthetics. Nor am I any more prepared than the next writer to offer an all-encompassing definition of "modernism." Still, to call Diaghilev a modernist *tout court* leaves too much unexplained. It is obvious, for one thing, that his eye was far more receptive than his ear. When Raymond Mortimer memorably summed up Diaghilev's achievement as consisting in "Modern Music without Tears and Modern Painting without Laughter," he said far more than he may have intended. It was the visual and the plastic aspect of Diaghilev's production that remained vitally and seriously "con-tempo," as Stravinsky liked

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk
JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS

"All persuasions; no brutality."

William Kotzwinkle • Marge Piercy • Eric Gill • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Tee Corinne • W.S. Merwin • Mayumi Oda Marilyn Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Ntozake Shange • Ivan Argüelles • Jane Hirshfield Pierre Louys • Gary Soto

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$24/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

OUTSIDE U.S., ADD $6/SURFACE, $20/AIR PER YEAR. U.S. FUNDS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to say. The musical aspect of his productions—the enduring aspect, when there is one!—veered ever more precipitously in the direction of easy listening and modified pop.

That direction was an aspect of "modernism" between the wars, all right, and a quintessentially Parisian one. For Garafola it comes under the heading of "lifestyle modernism," which seems to be her rendering (an apt one) of Cocteau's *choses en soi*. But it is nonetheless striking that lifestyle modernism was so much more a constraint on music than it was on the visual and plastic arts. Perhaps the most striking examples were the Gabo/Sauguet *La Chatte* of 1927 and the Tchelitchev/Nabokov *Ode* the next year. Both of them are milestones in the history of decorative art (the former for its metal-and-glass constructivist set, the latter for its neon lighting and pioneering film projections). And both of them, like the vast majority of Diaghilev's postwar efforts, are totally innocuous, even silly, in their music, which implacably decreed their ephemerality.

Why this disequilibrium? It can only be because music, in its dynamic unfolding and in its capacity for psychological and emotional engulfment, is so much harder than visual art to contain within the bounds of the decorative. And it was a view of art as one of life's luxuries, as a distinguished entertainment, that motivated Diaghilev from the earliest days of *The World of Art*, his influential arts journal in Russia, to the last days of the Ballets Russes. This *barin*'s view of art is one that music, if not closely watched, will always subvert. (Stravinsky's music certainly subverted the rosy idyll that designer/scenarist Nikolai Roerich conceived his *Sacre du printemps* to be.)

From such a standpoint, it is no wonder that in 1920 Diaghilev rejected Ravel's deeply disquieting music to *La Valse*, originally intended to accompany a ballet titled *Wien*. And it is no wonder that, with the single ambiguous exception of Stravinsky (by the 1920s he was touting himself as an "antimodernist"), Diaghilev left the real musical avant-garde of his time—in particular, the one that resided in Vienna and points north—strictly alone. A ballet by Schoenberg? Don't be silly. Maybe that's the point.

Real musical modernity is not, in any simple sense, a lifestyle enhancer. Unlike modern painting, modern music has never supported a commercial market ripe for exploitation by a Diaghilev, who (as Garafola fascinatingly relates) did so much to catalyze the art trade at a time when "modern" and "commercial" were antithetical terms in music. Nowadays that is adduced as evidence of modern music's inauthenticity. There could hardly be better proof that, like the "lifestyle modernism" of yesteryear, today's "postmodernism" means the triumph of resurgent consumer values over those of the authoritarian connoisseur.

The music that Diaghilev really preferred in his last decade was the music that served the ends of what Garafola calls "retrospective classicism." This too, though it only became an authentic aspect of "modernism" on a global scale after the war, was an old aristocratic predilection in Russia. It was brought to its peak in Tchaikovsky's works for the stage: *The Queen of Spades*, with its neoclassic divertissement ("La Bergère fidèle"), and *The Sleeping Beauty*, with its plethora of court dances, right down to a Louis XIV saraband.

Because she does not comprehend this background, Garafola cannot see the connection between Diaghilev's commissioned ballets and his revivals, particularly the one on which he almost ruined himself. For her, the 1921 London *Sleeping Beauty* (retitled *The Sleeping Princess*) was just a popular sop by means of which the impresario "proposed," as Garafola puts it, "to underwrite his creative laboratory from the profits of a West End 'hit.'" Noting that in the end it only "drove a wedge between aesthetes, who applauded the work, and modernists, who cold-shouldered it," she places Diaghilev on the wrong side of the rift. "Was the intellectual press so utterly wrong," she asks, "in condemning the ballet, the antithesis of everything Diaghilev had taught it to esteem?"

The question is wrong. This prejudiced view of *The Sleeping Princess* is at odds not only with the nature of the resultant spectacle, in which considerations of cost- and labor-effectiveness were thrown disastrously to the winds, but also with the unanimous testimony of eyewitnesses that Diaghilev's personal and emotional investment in this production was of an unprecedented—to many of them, a disconcerting—depth and intensity. Stravinsky, whose involvement in the project was nearly as great as his mentor's, and just as suspect in the eyes of the uninformed, recalled never having seen his old friend work "with such ardor and love," and described him after the premiere, in marked contrast to his better-known memoirs of the great impresario, in artlessly poignant terms: "That night, probably because he had worked so hard and used so much vitality, he had a nervous breakdown. He sobbed like a child and all around him had difficulty calming him."

That is not the behavior of a jaundiced entrepreneur. It is the behavior of someone attempting with romantic hopelessness to stage a vicarious Imperial restoration. The London *Sleeping Princess* was the climax of a slow but resolute about-face that had been under way ever since Diaghilev was offered, and refused, the portfolio of fine arts in the provisional government of 1917.

The Bolshevik coup turned Diaghilev from a noblesse oblige liberal, quick to adopt the provisional government's national anthem for a curtain raiser and to wave the red flag in the *Firebird* finale, into a "White Russian" at last. Where Russian messianists of an older generation had seen their country as "third Rome," Diaghilev now saw in her a martyred Versailles, and wanted all of Europe to see and recognize this truth. He now conceived a horror of folklore and "peasant" themes (the apparent exceptions in his postwar repertory, Stravinsky's *Les Noces* pre-eminent among them, were all delayed productions of pre-war commissions, relics of another age). All the "Russian" ballets the Ballets Russes henceforth presented to Europe exhibited a Europeanized and (to Europe) unrecognizable Russia.

Thus, *Zephyre et Flore* (1925, music by Dukelsky) purported to be a re-creation of a famous neoclassical divertissement after Ovid by Charles Didelot, as enacted on the estate of an 18th-century Russian nobleman by a troupe of serfs dressed up as mythological divinities. (The virtual enserfment of the Diaghilev *corps de ballet* by that time added an ironic backstage resonance to the product.) The aforementioned *Ode* of 1928 was a choreographic interpretation by Massine of a grandiose neoclassical eulogy in honor of the Empress Elizaveta Petrovna by the court poet Lomonosov. These were all minor aftershocks of the great tremor, the 1921 *Sleeping Beauty* in the manner of the Imperial Theaters, from which the third-act neoclassical divertissement known as "Aurora's Wedding" was salvaged as a permanent fixture of the Ballets Russes repertory in the 1920s.

Its history forgotten, "Aurora's Wedding" lives today in repertory the world over. And that fact opens up a whole new terrain for ironic reflection and emulous speculation. Though in the short run a disaster, the London *Sleeping Princess* was every bit the epoch-maker that Diaghilev wanted it to be. As ballet historians never tire of pointing out, this ill-fated resurrection of the Imperial style laid the foundation for the unprecedented revival of classical ballet in the west, which got under way in earnest a quarter century

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

later with the Covent Garden *Sleeping Beauty*. The irony lies in the nature of the audience. For Diaghilev's greatest and most solacing achievement was that, precisely when his personal leanings were snootiest, his entrepreneurial ventures at last created the conditions that would give classical ballet a broadly based middle-class public.

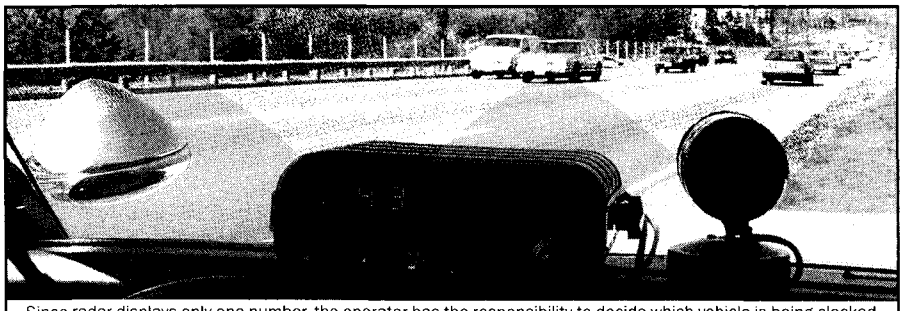
It is to the vicissitudes of Diaghilev's surprisingly shifty and fickle public, culminating in its *embourgeoisement*, that Garafola devotes the last and the best major section of her book. And it is here that the real debunking takes place. The Diaghilev legend has always held that his first western public, the Parisian one, was a bejeweled and bemedaled assembly of nobles, of Noailleses and Greffuhles; that in England he found favor with an aristocracy of talent, of Woolfs and Wellses; and that by bringing these together he had masterminded what E. M. Forster, quoted by Garafola, hailed as "an attempt of the 20th century to create civilized pleasure."

Wrong on all counts. In pre-war Paris, we are shown, the primary audience was "an amalgam of financiers, bankers, and diplomats, members of the city's foreign and Franco-Jewish communities, and personalities from the worlds of fashion, music entertainment, and the press." The names that figure most prominently in the early subscription lists and *feuilles de location* were Bernheims, Oppenheims, Guggenheims, Bischoffsheims, and similar assortments of -manns and -sohns. As an exemplar of this group Garafola limns a fascinating vignette of one Charles Ephrussi. Born in Odessa to a Jewish banking family, he had lived in Paris since 1871 and long since found a niche in the surprisingly tolerant milieu known as *le tout Paris*. An established art collector and connoisseur, Ephrussi by rights "belonged to the Proustian world of the fin de siècle," and in fact had been among the models for Proust's Swann:

> Charles was not the only Ephrussi to make pilgrimage to Bayreuth, nor was he the sole musical patron of the clan. His son Maurice gave lavish receptions at which the foremost divas—and in June 1909 two of Diaghilev's singers—entertained. Maurice and his wife, who was born a Rothschild, became ardent balletomanes, inviting Nijinsky and Karsavina to dance at their parties. As was the case with Misia Sert, the Princesse de Polignac, and most of the stalwarts of Diaghilev's audience, the Ephrussis made the transition to ballet from an initial devotion to opera.

With its Latin cosmopolitanism and its conspicuous "oriental" tinge, the early Diaghilev repertory "presented a 'racial' and even political counterpoint to Wagnerism," which served as a lure for Jewish patronage—this despite the fact, and Garafola does not miss it, that the country of which the Diaghilev company acted as a quasi-official emissary was then the world's most virulent practitioner of anti-Semitism.

As early as 1913 this audience of art-loving Parisians of foreign descent was being crowded out by an audience of socialites and actual foreigners, by tourists and expatriates. The noisy premiere of *Le Sacre du printemps* lent an unearned aura of riskiness and scandal to the enterprise, which increased its appeal to the fashion-minded and the demimonde. Connoisseur gave way presciently to consumer; and so it would remain. Diaghilev himself responded to this change by including exclusivity clauses in his contracts, and by placing an ever greater emphasis on premieres and ephemerae. "Where repetition might offer the connoisseur further occasion for contemplation," Garafola observes, "for the consumer it merely lessens the value of the original." Diaghilev's pioneering exploi-



Since radar displays only one number, the operator has the responsibility to decide which vehicle is being clocked.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed displayed. It shows only a speed number. The radar operator must decide who to blame.

How radar works

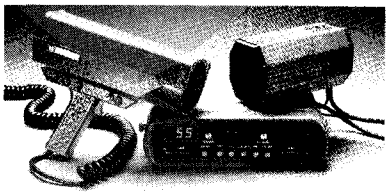
The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Moving objects reflect these waves back to the radar gun. Using the Doppler principle, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves. But there's a problem.

The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. And truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

The truth is, in many cases he can't be sure. The result? You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you.



Self Defense

We specialize in radar warning. Escort and Passport have a unique warning system that tells you radar strength—with both a variable-rate beeper and a visual meter. You'll know when the radar unit is near enough to have you under surveillance.

Car and Driver, Popular Mechanics and *Roundel* magazines have each tested radar detectors. And each gave us their highest ratings. Call toll-free and we'll send reprints of the complete tests.

We're as close as your phone

To order, call toll-free. Orders in by 6:00 pm eastern time go out the same day by UPS and we pay the shipping.

And we guarantee your satisfaction. If you're not entirely satisfied within 30 days, return your purchase. We'll refund your money and shipping costs.

The best defense against wrongful tickets can be in your car tomorrow.

Toll Free 1-800-543-1608
(Call 8am-midnight, 7 days a week)

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

ESCORT $245 (OH res. add $14.70 tax)

PASSPORT
RADAR·RECEIVER

PASSPORT $295 (OH res. add $17.70 tax)

Cincinnati Microwave
▶Department 609909
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249 © 1989 CMI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tation of "collectibles"—de luxe programs, personalia, even bogus props and costumes (nowadays it would be T-shirts)—contributed further to the commodification, and the eventual debasement, of his product. He may have needed all this to stay afloat, but it inevitably declassed the enterprise, especially when aristocratic restoration became its message and mission.

Meanwhile, across the channel, where Diaghilev's influence is most strongly felt today, and where intellectuals supposedly vouchsafed his success, Garafola finds that until 1914 "Diaghilev's public resembled nothing so much as an exclusive club where the British ruling class displayed its brilliant plumage." This is so contrary to received history that the author affects the mock-trepidation revisionists so love to flaunt. Those who read her footnotes will likeliest be convinced, for the author has a way at times of burying her best items. One dissertationish paragraph lists some dozens of British government officials and peers who attended Diaghilev events. Rare readers (probably only us reviewers) who don't skip here will find a superscript numeral lurking amid the names and titles. For their pains in tracking down the reference, they will be rewarded with a quatrain by Prime Minister Asquith himself:

> A hasty rubber: off I hie
> Where Beecham rules the scene:
> And sample for the 20th time
> Nijinsky, Chaliapine.

Mention of Chaliapin is to the point. It was the great basso whose "appeal transcended divisions of class and differences in taste." He resurfaced in 1914 under the joint sponsorship of Diaghilev and Joseph Beecham, the pill-manufacturing millionaire who fathered the famous conductor. His celebrated histrionics, deployed in historical dramas of unimpeachable gravity, managed to attract the London serious, inclined, like "thinkers" everywhere, to disdain terpsichorean dumb show. And opera, as well, admittedly, as Nijinsky's legs, which exerted a fascination transcending division of gender, "led Bloomsbury to the ballet."

Before long, the intellectual avant-garde was finding confirmation of all its various crotchets in the Russian dancers. As early as 1911, D. L. Murray was surprised to discover T. E. Hulme at Covent Garden during Diaghilev's very first London season, sharing his surreptitious enthusiasm for "a 'low-brow' form of art associated with music halls." Their reasons diverged: "I admired in it the classical elements it still retained from the traditional Franco-Italian school, while Hulme was only impressed by the endeavors being made by Nijinsky and others to bring the *plastique* of ballet into line with the non-humanistic ideals that inspired Egyptian, archaic Greek, and Polynesian art." Between the two, these views sum up what after the war would pass for a superficially "advanced" aesthetic party line, and contributed to what Garafola describes as "the gradual narrowing of [Diaghilev's] public on both sides of the Channel to the circles of High Bohemia."

With the failure of *The Sleeping Princess*, it was with "High Bohemia"—an unwinning amalgam of aestheticism, frivolity, and social privilege—that Diaghilev unhappily cast his lot. What Garafola persists in calling modernism became "the coin of an international pleasure style," and, as she finally admits, the idea of the avant-garde was fatally compromised: "The quest for the new was no more than an economic imperative." By the mid-1920s Diaghilev's public once again could be described as "the ruling class," but it was a novel sort of ruling class, whose money was new.

The artistic phenomenon that had been passionately discussed in the pages of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* and *The Dial* finally depended for its réclame on *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, and on their readers of both sexes. By 1926 or 1927 it became noticeable that "beautiful burgeoning boys" (as *Vogue* called them) had become prominent amid the Ballets Russes clientele. Their behavior evoked a homophobic response: "I would like to throw bricks at [Serge Lifar] when I see him receiving bouquets of flowers at the end of the ballet," fumed one critic. By the very end even the new public was beginning to erode. Increasingly marginal status seems to be all Diaghilev could have looked forward to, had he lived beyond the 1920s.

Garafola's conclusion is, to use her own word, "brutal." In the final analysis, what Diaghilev proved was that "by the 1920s, no European enterprise of the magnitude and experimental nature of the Ballets Russes could survive solely within the parameters of the marketplace. Some form of public subsidy had become essential." For us these are the words of a Cassandra. No one can read the papers nowadays, with their horror tales of art on the dole at home and abroad, and think that public subsidy will come to the aid of a failing high culture, let alone a traditional avant-garde.

How did Diaghilev do it? He didn't. What can his example teach us? Nothing we want to hear. Diaghilev spent a quarter century staying one step ahead of fate, but the shrewdest chronicler of his career shows him at last at the end of his rope. If, as Lynn Garafola says, "it is the nature of vanguards to change," and not even Diaghilev could stay on top of the flux forever, then there is little to do but step aside and let the consumerist deluge by. Has art's hour struck at last? Or do you think the Sultan of Brunei might like to buy a ballet troupe?

RICHARD TARUSKIN is professor of music at the University of California, Berkeley.

The Worldly Puritan

BY DANIEL AARON

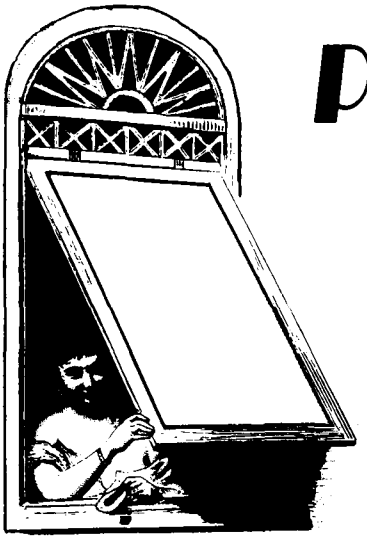
Unseasonable Truths: The Life of Robert Maynard Hutchins by Harry S. Ashmore

(Little, Brown, 608 pp., $24.95)

This first full-length life of Robert Maynard Hutchins, thoroughly researched and mercifully uncluttered, tells you almost everything you want to know about him. Not the least of its agreeable features, besides being well-written, is Harry Ashmore's scrupulous attitude, neither adulatory nor adversarial, toward his subject. He plainly likes and admires Hutchins, a friend and associate of many years. Given his own history as an outspoken Southern civil libertarian, it's not surprising that he comes down hard on the political demonologists who relentlessly savaged Hutchins when Senator Joe McCarthy ruled the roost. At the same time, he listens attentively to the numerous and voluble critics who challenged Hutchins's educational innovations or fumed over his political and social opinions or complained of his "elitism" and hauteur.

To write an entertaining and provocative biography of an educator is itself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pssst ... Attracted by Religion but Afraid Someone Will Find Out?

You can't shake off the allure of the Immense Questions — love, death, goodness, suffering, and the meaning of it all. You're bummed out on various secular panaceas — old nags such as Leninism, technology, egotism, and consumerism. You sense that *the* answers are the ancient answers — those in the tradition of Moses, Jeremiah, Jesus, Augustine, St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Thomas More, Tolstoy, Kierkegaard, Newman, Eliot, Buber, Niebuhr, C.S. Lewis, Martin Luther King Jr., Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, and Mother Teresa. But you're a thinking person, and you've been told by your peers that self-respecting intellects don't need "fairy tales."

Well, maybe it's time to think more deeply, cast off your inhibitions, and probe the romance of religion.

Recently *The New York Times Magazine* discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW in the context of an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. Indeed, we at the REVIEW are in the vanguard of today's new intellectual enchantment with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." Among other things, we examine religious commitments that yield progressive and humane social consequences, and we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great thinkers, issues, and events of the past and present.

An ecumenically-minded monthly magazine edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky," and by *Utne Reader* as "fascinating" and "surprisingly original." Those who write for us — Robert N. Bellah, Jean Bethke Elshtain, John Lukacs, Christopher Lasch, Walker Percy, Michael Lerner, Robert Coles, and others — are pathfinders who express themselves with passion, style, and lucidity. No need to feel embarrassed in our company!

Sure, there are other magazines and journals which focus on religion, but the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is unusual in that it is neither barrenly academic nor narrowly denominational, neither ideologically predictable nor safe and evasive. We get the juices pumping.

If you yearn to spring out of the iron cage of secularism — but don't want to land in the lap of the ayatollahs, cultists, or fundamentalists — subscribe today! (Or, if you're already out of the cage — or were never in it — keep the juices flowing and give us a try!)

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 521
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something of a feat. The very word "education," Emerson once noted, has a cold and hopeless sound to most Americans: "A treatise on education, a convention for education, a lecture, a system, affects us with a slight paralysis and a certain yawning of the jaws." But as Ashmore tells it, the Hutchins story is an exception to Emerson's melancholy truism. Unlike most members of the weighty company that Veblen called the "Captains of Erudition," Hutchins was partial to disturbers of the peace; and in his speeches and books he treated education and himself with a degree of levity. He was "mischievous" and unsolemn and given to wisecracks, "an often irrepressible manifestation of his quick mind." It was as if he were bent on deflating the pomposity associated with his office. For all of his flippancy and his irreverence, however, he took his vocation seriously: the educator as secular priest or steward of an unrealized but putative "community." Ashmore aptly calls him "a worldly Puritan."

By lineage and nurture, Hutchins qualified as a member of the "Brahmin caste" of New England, "in a large number of cases the sons of scholars or scholarly persons," as Oliver Wendell Holmes, the coiner of the phrase, characterized it. Ancestors on both sides of his family had settled in New England in the 17th century. His father and his paternal grandfather were college-trained clergymen; and for Hutchins and his two brothers, the Bible and the gold Phi Beta Kappa key were practically family icons. Preternaturally bright, he excelled in his studies at Oberlin ("my own home town," he called it), where his father taught homiletics at the Seminary, and at Yale, where, after a boring and unhappy war interlude with an ambulance unit on the Italian front, he completed his undergraduate education.

At Yale, he recalled, "I was one of the lower orders" (an arch way of saying that he was partially self-supporting), but thanks to his good looks, easy manners, and impeccable antecedents, he "belonged," even if he didn't mix with the swells. When he graduated in 1921 with highest honors, his class voted him the "most likely to succeed." He had been captain of the debating team, represented the college at alumni gatherings, caught the eye of President James Rowland Angell, and forged long-lasting ties with talented classmates (most notably Henry Luce and William Benton) whose backgrounds were comparable to his own. Yale may not have contributed much to his intellectual development, or so he claimed; but it did enlarge his "social character" and pushed him willy-nilly into the Establishment.

Thereafter the rise of the "boy wonder," as the press soon dubbed him, was spectacular. He married a gifted and socially prominent young woman "just out of finishing school" (he later married again), welcomed Angell's invitation to become secretary of the Yale Corporation (essentially a p.r. job, he said, designed to make a rich university richer still), completed a Yale law degree during off hours, joined the law faculty, and was shortly appointed its dean. He was then 28 years old. Two years later, in 1929, he became president of the University of Chicago.

The confident and attractive newcomer easily adjusted to the society of rich Chicagoans. He saw nothing contradictory in combining the "good life" and the "moral life," and he accommodated himself to the perquisites of privilege with an untroubled conscience. As Ashmore puts it: "In his usual sardonic fashion, he described his attitude as that of a man who said he had no desire to become a millionaire—he just wanted to live like one." Yet this son of Oberlin retained something of the Presbyterian Levite and was never really comfortable with unregenerate moneymakers, although he was induced for reasons of policy to dally with them on the temple steps. In his own idiosyncratic way, he tried to live by ancestral precepts, to do justly and love mercy.

He found it a harder task to walk humbly with his God. Angell, his patron, hinted as much to the University of Chicago trustees when they were about to offer Hutchins the presidency. He gently urged them to postpone the appointment for five or ten years until the diligent and charming but inexperienced youth had a chance to ripen. "He is temperamentally rather impatient of men who disagree with him," Angell advised them, "—and possibly a bit intolerant."

The trustees ignored this caveat—what they were looking for and got was a top administrator—but Angell knew his man. At Yale, Hutchins had moved too fast too impulsively. Determined to transform the law school overnight, he had conducted, according to one legal historian, "a kind of educational guerrilla warfare" against those who resisted his bold plan to junk the old nuts-and-bolts curriculum based on the casebook method. In its place he hoped to create an interdisciplinary research institution where "selected students" would acquire "an appreciation of the underlying principles of jurisprudence as well as an understanding of how the law worked."

Hutchins left the law school stronger and less parochial than he found it, but his impetuous foray against tradition estranged many of his less innovatively inclined colleagues, and the case-study method remained intact. In time Hutchins heeded the counsel of Thornton Wilder, his boyhood chum and confidant, to lap "window-breaking thoughts" in "soothing words" and to appreciate the effectiveness of platitudes and soft-soap. He carried to Chicago, all the same, a Thoreauvian scorn for his seniors and a caustic style of address, an aversion to fact-finders, vocationalists, and specialists, and an affinity for overarching ideas.

For 20 years Hutchins kept the university faculty in a tumult, not because he was dictatorial—he positively insisted upon discussion—but because he didn't bother to placate what he called "a large and embittered minority" and argued, in the words of Edward Shils, "like a man reasonably explaining obvious things to the wrongheaded." Hutchins divided university presidents into two classes, "officeholders" and "administrators." The former shunted decision-making to

War Crimes

An emperor on a white horse on a bridge
received the adulation of the crowd, receives
the adulation of the crowd. There will be
atrocities, but for the moment he receives
the adulation of the crowd.

An emperor on a white horse on a bridge
will live to see better days, and worse,
but the crowd will not. In the crowd
a woman's face will melt, averted
from history's final fadeout.

The next afternoon she dressed the children,
left a note leaning against his desk lamp
and disappeared in the station wagon loaded
with all the memorabilia of a failed marriage;
such a tiny country, such a third world.

It was the first month of Rabi, and the snow
was still general all over Japan, or so the emperor
dreamed, the emperor in his last lap of coma,
the ambassador from Kuwait outside his door,
the world wringing its little hands.

Bin Ramke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committees in order to stay popular with their subordinates and superiors and to keep their institutions prosperous and peaceful. The latter faced up to the hard decisions and stoically accepted the inevitable consequences—brickbats and obloquy. To be effective, the administrator had to have "courage, fortitude, justice, and prudence or practical wisdom." The quality of patience he at first dismissed as an excuse for inaction. Later he conceded that the lack of it had been his most serious flaw and that the university president "who wants *durable* action, not just action, must have patience and have it in amounts equal to the durability desired."

Measured by that test, Hutchins's accomplishments at Chicago were spotty, but hardly negligible. Indeed, the distinction and the distinctiveness of that great institution owe much to his long tenure there. He installed a new system of undergraduate education within the shell of the old one, lopped off 300 courses from the curriculum, turned a great books program borrowed from Columbia into a national event with the help of controversial interlopers like Mortimer Adler, acquired the Encyclopaedia Britannica for the university, and abolished football—his most notorious and best remembered act and, so far as the public was concerned, akin to desecrating the flag. These policies, together with his unconventional ideas and his skill in explicating them on the lecture platform, made Chicago arguably the most intellectually alive of the American universities and its president the best-known educator of his generation.

Professional patriots automatically spotted Hutchins as a subversive. But how to classify a man who protested the decision of the court in the Sacco-Vanzetti case on evidentiary, not ethnic or political grounds; a man who looked down his nose at Ivy League snobberies, repudiated Jefferson's educational philosophy, and took potshots at the press, censorship, advertising, Marx, Freud, and the American Legion? Addressing young Democrats on the eve of the 1932 national convention, Hutchins branded the Republican Party as disingenuous and falsely conservative, and then accused the Democrats of imitating them. He called on the government to disarm unilaterally if need be, to adhere to the World Court and cooperate with the League of Nations, to declare a moratorium on war debts, to cut military expenditures, to recognize the Soviet Union, to end Prohibition.

Such a program was "truly conservative," he believed, "for the true conservative is not interested in conserving chaos." The talk of Hutchins as a possible candidate for vice president that followed his rousing message came to nothing. Hutchins rather disdained Roosevelt the "showman," however preferable he was to "the sodden solemnity of Hoover." He voted for Norman Thomas, whose views he didn't share but who he thought at least "kept the issues alive."

So long as Hutchins stuck to his role of obstreperous administrator and vocal critic of the American educational system, conservative interests tolerated, in Ashmore's words, "the irritating but often amusing and sometimes useful gadfly." Yet there were moments, in the bottom of the Depression and in the early postwar years, when the gadfly stung as well as buzzed. His political yawings and veerings puzzled detractors and supporters alike. By the time he resigned from the University of Chicago in 1950, it had been investigated five times for immoral and subversive activities, and Hutchins himself (whom Harold Laski two years earlier described as the "fiscal agent" of the neo-Aristotelians and darling of the rich because "he did not like radicalism") was being painted as "un-American," if not an out-and-out Red. Between 1939 and 1941 he opposed American intervention while disclaiming the isolationist label and disassociating himself from "Nazis, Fascists, Communists, and appeasers." After Pearl Harbor, he energetically converted his university into a virtual war machine (experiments to build an atomic pile were conducted beneath the football stadium) even as he struggled to keep the idea of general education afloat in a sea of science and technology.

Signs of his "unsoundness" multiplied as the war wound down. A defective patriotism seemed implicit in his project to frame a world constitution, in his report indicting the mendacities of the press, his comments on cold war diplomacy, his sermonic public addresses that inveighed against America's readiness to deplore the crimes of other peoples while remaining indifferent to its own. The suspicions of the right were confirmed after he joined the Ford Foundation and a few years later, as president of the Fund for the Republic, spent the foundation's millions to assess the validity of alleged Communist infestation and to examine the procedural methods of the investigators whittling away at the Bill of Rights.

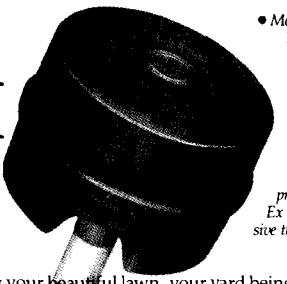
Dwight MacDonald, preparing a series of articles on the foundation for the *New Yorker*, found Hutchins not much affected by the sideswipes of rancorous columnists like Westbrook Pegler and

Get rid of moles, gophers and other burrowing pests, with . . .

Mole-Ex VI

Just $59.95*

***But read the ad for an even better deal!**

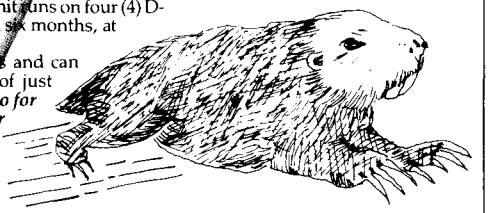


• *Mole-Ex VI protects about 1,000 sq. yds. against moles, gophers and other pests. Do not confuse this advanced device with similar looking, but much less sophisticated and less powerful units! At our special "3-for-2" price, the advanced Mole-Ex VI system is less expensive than any competing unit.*

There can be few things as annoying as seeing your beautiful lawn, your yard being ruined by moles, gophers, and other burrowing pests. You may have tried pouring poison down their holes or getting rid of them with other nostrums. And you've found that nothing really works. But now comes *Mole-Ex VI*, the revolutionary electronic solution to an age-old problem. It *does* work! Spike *Mole-Ex VI* into your lawn. It emits short, high-pitched shrieks (at the threshold of ultrasound) in 15 sec. intervals. They are barely audible to humans, but they are calibrated to be totally distressing to moles, gophers, ground squirrels, shrews, and other burrowing pests. Those varmints can't barely see, but their hearing is fine-tuned. Once they get a blast of *Mole-Ex VI*, they'll scamper away, leave your property and will never return.

Mole-Ex VI is the state of the art in the control of burrowing rodents. The unit is made of virtually indestructible anodized aluminum and of tough ABS plastic. It's made for years of rugged use. It is totally safe, of course, around children and pets. The unit runs on four (4) D-cells (not included). They should last for at least six months, at full run, before you need to replace them.

We buy *Mole-Ex VI*'s in very large quantities and can therefore offer them at the exceptional price of just $59.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $119.90, and we'll send you a third one with our compliments — absolutely FREE!*** If you've had it with moles and gophers, if you're tired of seeing your yard or lawn torn up and ruined by those pests, get *Mole-Ex VI*: It will get rid of that annoying problem once and for all!



FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1005 A041.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this. UPS/insurance: $5.95 for one *Mole-Ex VI*, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fulton Lewis Jr. (Hutchins, he wrote, "dreaded controversy as Brer Rabbit dreaded the briar patch.") But apparently the virulence of the public attacks did take some of the starch out of him. Heretofore he had operated from within the briar patch of the Midway and could count on the friendship of wealthy and sophisticated "conservators." Had his name been Israel Cohen or had he threatened property rights, it might have been otherwise. But besides being impressed by his aura of authority and intellectual glitter, they rightly pegged him as more a preserver than an innovator and, at bottom, as an unalienated insider whose wayward enthusiasms they could condone. He in turn had perfected his skills of persuasion and learned to temper his boldness with prudence.

These qualities and tactics served him less well at the hearings and the news conferences to which he was now subjected. Both sympathizers and enemies faulted his performance. "Philanthropoids'" were expected to be self-effacing and diplomatic, MacDonald wrote, whereas Hutchins trod on "dignified toes" and his "formula for troubled waters" didn't include oil. In fact, the p.r. people hired by the Ford Foundation did spread a lot of oil, but MacDonald's summation of Hutchins concisely and candidly expresses what a good many of his critics and well-wishers thought of him at midcentury:

> At the Fund for the Republic, Hutchins had been showing the same traits he did at Chicago and as an associate director of the Ford Foundation—great verve and courage in pushing unorthodox and in general sensible ideas, combined with superficiality, arrogance, poor judgment about people, and congenital lack of maturity both in understanding specific situations and in effectively dealing with them. In short, the classic sophomore type, with all his vivid potentialities and his muted actualities—but a 60-year-old sophomore.

This sketch contains the truthful sting of caricature, without filling in the total man as Ashmore has fairly done. His Hutchins is a sprig of the natural *aristoi* endowed with all the requisites for success in America, ambitious and crafty when he had to be but aspiring toward his own high conception of honor and illustriousness. He started out the impetuous young prince or engaging "sophomore," and then gradually took on (though Ashmore might disagree) some of the characteristics of Julius Caesar in Wilder's *The Ides of March*: not the reluctant dictator but the self-deprecating humanist more enamored with poetry and philosophy than power, ingratiating when he feels inclined but prevailingly aloof, sardonic, and unlovable.

For all of his traveling and speech-making, and all his brushes with the great, Hutchins lived in a self-created vacuum. His dream of "educating" the American people by tapping them into the fount of Universal Wisdom suggests a rather aerial perspective of his countrymen. All his life he concocted "basic issues" programs of one sort or another and envisioned communities where the best minds might gather to address collectively the problems of the times. The impulse was essentially a religious one, although I think Sidney Hook erred when he accused Hutchins of countenancing an "authoritarianism of older vintage based on hierarchically ordered truths, culminating in the revelations of true religion." Some of Hutchins's statements on the inadequacies of the sciences sound "medieval," but his retorts to bigots and his unfeigned devotion to free expression belie Hook's charge.

Hutchins had drawn the hottest fire when the Fund for the Republic financed a series of not exactly disinterested probes into the activities of what Walter Millis called the "anti-Communist monopoly," namely, "politicians, publicists, the FBI, ex-Communists, the security bureaucracy, the ruling group in the American Legion, many elements of the Catholic church." The fury of their counterattack surprised Hutchins, accustomed though he was to abuse and misrepresentation. He refused to knuckle under, of course, and skewered his persecutors in his book *Freedom, Education, and the Fund* (1952). Yet the fund ceased launching inquiries into touchy areas where its directors were reluctant to venture.

For Hutchins, I suspect, the civil liberties projects mattered less to him than his old objective: to found an academy where creative thinkers could plot the course from theory to action. This goal was at least approximated in 1959, with the opening of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara. It was to be his last effort to concentrate on what he called "the time-tested principles of justice and freedom," presently "fogged in useless controversy" but resolvable "once the people see clearly what the issues are." He seems to have conceived the center as a kind of monastery in which a non-celibate brotherhood worked out first principles for practical ends with himself as unobtrusive abbot. It survived until his death in 1977, thanks largely to periodic transfusions of cash from affluent angels willing to back Hutchins's quest to ensure international comity before the world blew up. Then it collapsed.

Today Hutchins gets a sentence or two in American history texts for the two-year undergraduate program he started at the University of Chicago (it was dismantled by his successor), and for the great books program that is, in one form or another, still enlightening diverse audiences, but he would have a low recognition rating in a national poll. Americans seldom erect monuments to their educators, even to those who affected the intellectual and cultural climate of their times. Ashmore believes that although Hutchins "lapsed into obscurity," his ideas did make a difference. In a post-mortem chapter summing up Hutchins's legacy, he writes: "Any serious contemporary discussion of education, of the judicial system, of the inadequacy of mass communications, or of the drastically changed character of international relations began with the questions he raised over the years."

Does Hutchins deserve the accolade? Surely he wasn't the first to raise these important questions. It is undeniable that he fluttered dovecotes and jarred the stodgy and broke windows. Many of his comments seem especially apposite and refreshing in this era of cant. Why, then, are we left with the impression of an unfinished life, of dissipated possibilities? He took off on eccentric tacks. He wrote nothing of enduring importance, nor did he revolutionize the thinking of his time or ours in any significant way. Throughout his career he was encysted in host institutions and hence deprived of the independence of movement enjoyed by free-floating inquirers.

Ashmore's lively and searching biography leaves many questions still hanging. The private Hutchins in contrast to the public figure is only half-disclosed: it's as if the interviewers whose reports Ashmore relied upon failed to ask the right questions—though even if they had known where and how to probe, Hutchins probably would have kept his own council. Ashmore implies as much. The "closet anchorite" never tried to be a "regular fellow," and only a few intimates like Wilder were "allowed behind the facade he presented formally or informally, in his role as a public man." Even his children felt a barrier of reserve between them and their playful, gentle father. Perhaps it's not so surprising after all that this private and self-enclosed person, despite his incontestable vitality and brilliance, could so easily fade out of American annals.

DANIEL AARON is professor emeritus of English at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wake Up to Unreality

BY STANISLAW BARANCZAK

Rondo
by Kazimierz Brandys
translated by Jaroslaw Anders

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 251 pp., $19.95)

In Polish, the word *rondo* means several different yet similar things: a hat brim, a traffic rotary, cursive writing, a musical form based on a repetitive refrain. Each of these has to do with roundedness, circular shape, cyclic movement, spherical self-containment. Kazimierz Brandys's novel *Rondo* is about what happens when someone attempts to create such a self-contained, closed-circuited niche of fictitious reality in real life. Though artificial and therefore seemingly safer than the angular and dangerously open world outside, the fabricated realm that his protagonist creates is marred by one deadly drawback: it can turn with astonishing ease into something terrifyingly real.

Brandys wrote the first draft of his novel in 1974. This was exactly the time when the best of contemporary Polish literature was just beginning to hum under its collective breath the immortal lines of Cole Porter: "Use your mentality / Wake up to reality." Three decades of dealing with thematic restrictions and trying to outsmart censorship had left Polish fiction with a dubious legacy of allusions and disguises. Conceived to get one's message past the censor's eye unharmed, the devices ended up harming the integrity of the message even more than the red pencil would have. There was a powerful need for a more direct presentation of Polish experience. There was a thirst for the real.

At this early stage in literature's return to simple truths and straightforward realism, to jump one step further, as Brandys did, and discover unreality as the most real presence in Polish life required a paradoxical mind indeed. But then, the complicated course of Brandys's own career had prepared him well to cope with all the paradoxes involved in the clash between fact and fiction. One of the most popular Polish writers in 1974, by that time he had already shed several different novelistic styles as the political world around him changed, and his views of literature's relation to reality changed along with it.

He launched his career with the novel *A Wooden Horse*, written in Warsaw under the Nazi occupation and published in 1946, a work that owed a great deal to the pre-war novelistic avant-garde with its penchant for grotesque irony. Shortly afterward, Brandys's writing turned deadly serious, and anything but equivocal. Switching from his pre-war vague leftism to communism, in the early postwar years he joined the growing ranks of Socialist Realists. A skillful and prolific writer, he began to turn out novels that bore all the required stamps of official ideology, and then some: his novel *The Citizen*, which appeared in 1954, is still remembered for a rather overzealous episode in which high school students heroically inform the authorities about the reactionary views of their teachers.

Yet the true believer in Brandys turned quite abruptly into the equally true skeptic, an about-face familiar to many Polish writers at the end of the first postwar decade. The short stories and novels he published during the mid-1950s, some of them even preceding the official "thaw," may strike us today as somewhat naive in their political diagnoses. Mysterious manipulators of innocent souls are too often blamed for anything found wrong with Stalinism. Some of these works, however, such as the brief political novel *Sons and Comrades*, manage to strip off more than one layer of the system's falsity by the sheer force of their stories and characters. Still in the early phase of his career, Brandys drew on his personal experience with the Stalinist "new faith" to explore the ethical conflicts produced by the pressure of collective beliefs, from totalitarian ideologies to nationalistic dogmas.

It was also at this point that the tension between fact and fiction began to appear in his works. Since the publication in 1958 of his first volume of "Letters to Mrs. Z," a sequence of half-fictional essays in epistolary form, Brandys has been a certified master of making fiction pretend that it isn't. His numerous books published over the past 30 years may be viewed, in fact, as a series of experiments to that end. Narrative prose is variously disguised in conspicuously non-fictional genres and forms of discourse: a letter sequence, a writer's diary, an interview. We are dealing, to be sure, with a wider novelistic trend of our times, which to the cynical eye may look like novelists' panicky response to losing their readers to memoirs and biographies.

Still, in Brandys's best books the device has an interesting, individual twist, as personal as it is Polish. The novel *Postal Variations* (1972), an untranslatable firework of stylization, is a highly amusing collection of fictitious letters in which the history of one Polish family over several centuries—and by extension, the history of Poland itself—is offhandedly presented, while the author has a wonderful time imitating the stylistic flavors of the language of consecutive epochs. Unbelievably enough, this flash of literary brilliance provoked an ugly act of political mugging. After the publication of the novel in Poland, the regime's trusted critics staged a campaign of slander, accusing Brandys (not without unmistakable hints about his Jewish descent) of ridiculing Polish history. The pretense of non-fiction was, in a sense, taken at face value and turned against its creator. Brandys's artistic unreality began to function as something unexpectedly real.

Without delving too deeply into psychological motivations, one may safely assume that the idea of *Rondo*—which Brandys started in 1974, then dropped, turning instead to another novel, *Unreality* (published in English in 1980 as *A Question of Reality*), then picked up again and finished—had a good deal to do with the reception of *Postal Variations*. In Brandys's life, the writing of this pair of novels coincided with the beginning of his open participation in the rapidly growing intellectual dissent of the mid-1970s. In 1976 he was one of the editors of *Zapis* (The Record), the first uncensored literary journal in Poland. His own books, increasingly free of self-censorship, came out in the late 1970s mostly through the newly founded underground publishing houses or émigré presses in the West.

The device of a non-fictional genre no longer served the purpose of literary experiment; it was simply the most direct and effective way of writing about contemporary events, which in Poland over the past dozen years have certainly been stranger than any fiction. This is the case, certainly, with *The Months*, Brandys's major work-in-progress, his multivolume writer's diary or personal chronicle of events and reflections. Begun in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warsaw some ten years ago, Brandys continued it in New York, where he was caught by the news of martial law in Poland, and then in Paris, where he moved soon afterward and now lives. (Out of four volumes of *The Months* published in Polish so far, the first has appeared in English as *A Warsaw Diary*, and the third, unfortunately in heavily truncated form, as *Paris, New York: 1982-1984*.)

Both *Rondo* and *Unreality*—they are, in a sense, twin novels—make use of an ostentatiously non-fictional device. *Rondo* is, or at least begins as, a polemical letter written to a historical quarterly to rectify false information in an article; *Unreality* takes the shape of a series of tape-recorded responses by a Polish intellectual to a questionnaire handed to him by a Western sociologist. Overlapping details in the respective plots make the two novels a sort of tandem, linked by the figure of the protagonist: the same man who explains an episode of his wartime past in *Rondo* tries to explain how People's Poland works (or, more accurately, does not work) in *Unreality*.

Two variations on the theme of Polish unreality, *Rondo* is, true to its title, a self-contained whole in a way that its twin, in which plot loses out to explanation, is not. More than self-contained: it is based, like a musical rondo, on the compositional principle of close-circuited self-sufficiency. The recurring thematic refrains and the narrative method of circling around key events instead of presenting them in a linear fashion convey a claustrophobic impression of a determined world in which nothing is left open-ended, in which fate cannot be averted. Once events are set in motion, nothing can stop them. Once unreality is created, nothing can undo its very real existence.

This is precisely what *Rondo's* protagonist tries to explain in his letter to the editor of the historical quarterly. The letter, which soon evolves into a long narrative, has been inspired, we learn, by a pretentiously titled article, "A Chapter in the History of Struggle" by one Professor Janota, which offered a totally falsified account of the wartime activities of an underground fighting unit called Rondo. The protagonist knows all about the strange truth of Rondo for one simple reason: he was its sole creator. He is the only person who can certify that Rondo never existed in reality.

Didn't it? Or perhaps it did exist, but in another kind of reality, one where fictions become hard facts. Brandys's narrator is familiar with this transformation of unreality into reality from his provincial childhood, thanks to persistent gossip that made him a natural son of the national hero, Marshal Pilsudski. The gossip makes even wider rounds when, as a law student in pre-war Warsaw, he is accidentally seen by a friend at the entrance to Belweder, Pilsudski's official residence.

The unbidden notoriety turns into unbidden charisma when the war breaks out and many people start viewing the narrator—a man in whom nothing is in fact out of the ordinary save his "insane normality"—as a possibly providential leader. Meanwhile, he develops a powerful attraction to theater, drops out of law school, and makes his living as an extra in one of Warsaw's troupes. This settles his fate: he falls in love with a young actress named Tola, a woman as oversensitive and chaotic as he is calm, collected, and reliable. When they become lovers, it dawns on him that the only way to keep this impossible relationship alive is to make Tola's life a "role," of which he will be the invisible "director."

After the Nazis come in and theaters are closed down, the narrator's concern is to keep not merely their relationship but Tola herself alive. He is involved in the activities of the underground Home Army, and Tola, always an exalted maximalist, demands to be part of that. Left without any role to play, she is dangerously close to mental disintegration; yet precisely because of her instability she would be too great a risk. While listening to Chopin's Rondo at a clandestine concert, the protagonist strikes upon a brilliant idea of saving Tola both from herself and from the Nazis: he will create a nonexistent clandestine organization and make Tola work for it as a secret courier.

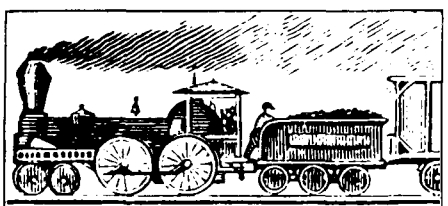
Thus Rondo comes into being. Tola is sworn in, given instructions, and periodically sent out with suitcases containing secret messages that are in fact old newspapers and books. She has a role to play, but at the same time she is protected from any real danger. But the danger becomes real very soon. The news of Rondo's supposed existence inevitably begins to spread. Even its accidental name is deciphered as an acronym for a direct military extension of the Polish underground commander in chief. The myth of Rondo's exploits, combined with the narrator's unwanted charisma, attracts people who—much like Tola—need a role to play in order to fill their own spiritual void with some semblance of meaning and purpose.

Among the recruits is the protagonist's former schoolmate and the Mephisto of his life, Wladek Sznej. A highly intelligent mind, Sznej nevertheless has no inner resources of his own. He lacks any moral principle; his personality portends the future of Poland, which will soon be ruled by his "tribe of middlemen":

> They served as mediators between truth and falsehood, honesty and fear, conscience and success. Most often perhaps they mediated between themselves and the "objective situation." Almost all these people shared one astonishing feature: flexibility of the line dividing the true from the false. They possessed a highly developed sense of relativity in every judgment (at that time it was called "dialectical thinking"), but in reality they lacked internal foundations. Their consciences were constantly on the lookout for endorsers.

Before the war, Sznej's conscience finds an endorser in the ideology of right-wing nationalism; after the war, in communism. (This kind of evolution is not a farfetched fantasy. People's Poland has had a share of real-life Sznejs.) In the wartime interim, he grasps at the straw of Rondo's supposed existence with fanatical determination, forcing the protagonist to induct him, too, and immediately pressing him to broaden the base of the organization (which at this point already includes several young people whom, like Tola, the narrator tries to protect from real involvement).

Rondo quickly acquires an increasingly tangible existence. Conceived to save lives, it endangers them more and more.



MOVING?

Don't forget to let us know so you won't miss a single issue of **THE NEW REPUBLIC.**

Just attach your old address label in the first space provided and write your new address in the second space reserved below.

Old Address (Affix label from this issue.)

Name

Address

City State Zip

New Address

Name

Address

City State Zip

Mail to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
PO Box 56515
Boulder, CO 80322-6515

Allow 4–6 weeks for change of address to go into effect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the end, the roof of the whole structure of unreality falls in for real, burying all of the narrator's hopes. A rival guerrilla group messes up the execution of a traitor and instead someone else dies—a famous older actor who happens to have been Tola's idol and one-time lover. Convinced of the protagonist's omnipotence in murky dealings of the underground, Tola cannot be persuaded that he had nothing to do with the victim's death. Her mental illness is just one disastrous consequence of Rondo's nonexistent existence.

There are others. Even after the war ends, Rondo never ceases to cast its long shadow on the lives it once touched. As a bitter irony of fate, the narrator spends several years in a Stalinist jail, accused of, and interrogated about, his wartime membership in an organization that arouses even more suspicion by having been so perfectly undercover that nothing is known about its activity. The all-pervading unreality of communism absorbs this instance of individual unreality with the greatest of ease.

As the narrator writes his letter, he has been free for many years; but even though he hopes to reunite with Tola, who is about to return from emigration, evil has already been done and lives have been ruined irrevocably. Professor Janota's article, which ultimately mythicizes Rondo's history and confirms the everlasting power of unreality, is the final insult—especially since, as we learn near the end of the novel, Janota's true name is Wladek Sznej. The role of historian, whose supposed vocation is to dig up the truth, is now played by the man who once said:

> Humanity . . . is a chaos we fill with meaning. We create legends and make ourselves believe in illusions. We, the people, use lies to bring some order into reality! There is no such thing as the truth of reality. All the testimonies and accounts are only interpretations.

Thus *Rondo*'s circular structure comes to its ultimate fulfillment: from the last page we must return to the first. From the first words of his letter, the narrator was aware that Janota was in fact Sznej. While ostensibly trying to defend the truth and to denounce unreality, he knew all along that his explanation would fall on the deaf ears of someone for whom "there is no such thing as the truth of reality." *Rondo* is a novel about what happens when someone or something, an individual or a political system, acts on those chilling words.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK has just finished a collection of essays, *Breathing Under Water*.

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

Jordan

Is it or is it not Palestine?

The world was surprised recently by Jordan's King Hussein severing his and his country's involvement with the Palestinian Arabs of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and by thus exacerbating the political vacuum in the area. In "washing his hands" of the problems of this area and its inhabitants, the king made the statement "Jordan is not Palestine"!

What are the facts?

■ In order to understand King Hussein's statement, a review of Jordan's history is in order. It is a short one. Before World War I, the area now known as the "Middle East" was part of the Ottoman (Turkish) Empire. The French and British defeated the Turks, drove them out of the area, and split it between themselves. The French took what is now Syria and Lebanon as their "sphere of influence"; the British took Iraq, Palestine, Egypt and the Arabian peninsula.

■ In 1917, Britain had issued the Balfour Declaration, a statement expressing Britain's promise for "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." In 1922, the League of Nations granted Britain the mandate over Palestine, specifically including the requirements of the Balfour Declaration. Since Biblical times, the country now called "Palestine" always included the area now occupied by Israel (including the "West Bank"), Gaza and Jordan. The British drew a few lines on the map and granted the entire area east of the Jordan River—close to 80% of mandated Palestine—as a kingdom to Abdullah, the grandfather of King Hussein. The Jewish homeland, promised in the Balfour Declaration by the same British, was reduced to a mere one-fifth of its original size. Transjordan (as the new country was called) attained its independence from Britain in 1946.

■ In 1947, the United Nations proposed a plan under which the just over 20% remnant of Palestine was to be further divided between the Arabs living in the area and the Jews. Such was the desire of the Jews to get their homeland, and so great the need to gather what was left of European Jewry after the Holocaust, that they accepted this further partition. The Arabs flatly refused. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded it on the very day of its birth. Transjordan's army, led by British officers, was among them. The Israelis defeated all five armies. Egypt managed to hang on to Gaza, and Transjordan to the "West Bank" and the eastern sector of Jerusalem. Transjordan promptly renamed itself Jordan, proceeded to annex the area and to keep it as an integral part of its kingdom.

■ In 1967, Hussein made the fatal mistake of his kingly career. He let himself be seduced by Egypt's Nasser to join in what became known as the Six Day War. All Arab armies were devastated. Israel regained the "West Bank." Pending final disposition of the area, Israel has administered it ever since. The inhabitants retained Jordanian citizenship. Israel allowed Jordan to stay in control of the judicial systems, of the school system, and of the local administrative and religious networks.

■ The Jordanians, of course, are the real Palestinian Arabs. Over 70% of the 2.8 million population of the kingdom are Palestinian Arabs. The Arabs of Jordan are exactly the same people as the Arabs living in the "West Bank." There is no difference between them in language, ethnicity or social customs. Before the Six Day War, the concept of a *second* Palestinian state located in the "West Bank" had never occurred to anybody. Because the Palestinians, *do* have a country. It's Jordan. Over 2 million Palestinians live in Jordan, and only 800,000 in the territories administered by Israel. Do they need another country? Of course not! It makes no difference what King Hussein says. Jordan is and always has been Palestine. His saying "it ain't so" does not change that at all.

One wonders why King Hussein would abdicate his "rights" to the area west of the Jordan River, cutting its inhabitants loose and leaving the field to the Israelis and the PLO. The King is a clever man and a survivor. He has come to realize that he already has 2 million Palestinians in Jordan. They owe him little loyalty and are in almost constant rebellion. It's clear now to King Hussein that if 800,000 Arab Palestinians from the "West Bank" were to form an independent PLO state, they would seek union with their brethren in Jordan. But that union would not be under King Hussein—it would be under the PLO. And that would be the end of his dynasty. Whatever statement King Hussein wishes to make: It is clear—historically and by common sense—that *Jordan is Palestine and Palestine is Jordan.*

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

Gerardo Joffe, President

(fly. Western Regional Director of CAMERA)

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. NR/18

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB *continued from page 4*

book, is tart on the subject.) But the "war" on drugs shouldn't require the sacrifice of simple honesty in the name of promulgating the correct attitude.

The emphasis on "attitude" in this phase of the drug war is a political expedient. The Bush administration wants to make a big, big deal over drugs without spending much extra money—on enforcement, prisons, interdiction, rehabilitation, or anything else. So the administration takes the line that miracles can be achieved cost-free (or at least off-budget) through changes in attitude.

Social attitudes surely are important. But that war has been won. Could anyone have labored under the impression, the day before Bush announced his drug plan, that American society did not strongly disapprove of drug use? In schools, on television, in the movies, in the press, the message has been clear for years. Whatever good that message can do is being done. Fanning the flames of hysteria at this point is demagogic mischief. It is unhelpful.

Unlike most others, I think Bush will "win" the drug war. Attitudes *have* changed. Cocaine use is dropping; it will continue to drop. Middle-class trends will percolate downward, as they usually do. This problem won't disappear but will become less urgent; others will become more urgent. Bennett's main goal is a mere ten percent reduction in cocaine use over two years. Come the next election season, Bush will pull a George Aiken: declare victory and come home. The Democrats, demanding more spending, will look like fools.

But all this will have very little to do with the present Kulturkampf. It's all too easy to whip up a pleasing froth of wartime national spirit if you're not actually calling on the nation's mainstream to sacrifice anything. Bush has become addicted to this kind of cheap political fix, first with the flag, now with drugs. Unfortunately, it takes ever stronger doses to get the same high.

The game of moral one-upsmanship can always be won by taking the extreme position: nothing is more important than this pressing crisis; those who say wait a minute, this is complicated, other values are at stake, are criminally callous. A few years ago it was the anti-nuclear movement playing the game with great success: What could be more urgent than ending the risk of nuclear war? Standing in front of that moral bulldozer was a fearsome experience. Now it's drugs. The starting players come from the opposite side of the political spectrum, but the newsmagazines and television networks pile on as usual. Fortunately for all of them, memories are short.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

indeed. Credit is a seductress. And the consequences of weakness can be financially devastating. Haven't the Reagan years taught us anything?

I am a confessed credit abuser. For me, and millions like me, Amex is a gentle but strict money manager; it reminds me of my fiscal limitations and calls me to account each month, and the cost of this service is a mere $55 annually. I would think THE NEW REPUBLIC would embrace this more economically responsible doctrine, rather than the rampant misuse of credit as if it were free money. After all, we can't expect to run our households as if we were Congress.

DWAYNE BARTEL
Norwalk, California

To the editors:

What makes American Express go is not its ludicrous advertising campaign, but corporate accounts. Amex caters to the expense account crowd. Visa does not. A Visa user who pays his own bills does not need "country club billing," the treasurer of a corporation does. He also needs to know how much each individual is spending. Amex issues discrete numbers to each individual using the corporate account; the corporation has to pay for each card. Visa does not charge for multiple cards, but the account number is the same for each card. Visa charges interest (exorbitant consumer rates) for overdue payments. Amex does not. A corporation can be as much as 30 days late before Amex sends out nasty (but not threatening) little notes.

HARRY TANNENBAUM
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

This summer I led a group from my parish to Guatemala to work at an orphanage. On our way to the Pittsburgh airport, a member of the group tore one of his contact lenses, and he had only that pair. Calling his doctor from the airport, he was informed that there was nothing that could be done to replace them in such a short amount of time. I suggested that he call American Express and take them up on their claim about membership and its privileges. By the time we got to Miami, American Express had contacted his doctor, obtained the prescription, and had the contacts waiting at a nearby pharmacy. They were also $40 less than what he paid for them at home. You can't do that with a Visa Card!

REV. JAMES B. SIMONS
Ligonier, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

I look forward to upcoming TNR exposés on "premium" wines, cars, beers, organic foods, watches, jewelry, football tickets, perfumes, furniture, clothes, not to mention such "everyday" items as deodorants, shaving creams, toothpastes, shampoos (97 percent water), and nine-grain breads. You name it. It's probably smoke. That's the American way, not just the American Express way. Next thing, you'll be telling me the pope's Catholic.

DAVID HALL
San Francisco, California

FDA Approved

To the editors:

After 40 years' experience representing industry at the FDA, I would say that TRB is right, that we should stop going from one extreme to the other in the drug-approval process ("Conflicting Prescriptions," August 28). Yet he leaves the impression that all drugs are subjected to an identical approval process, and that exceptions indicate the system needs to be changed. The change most needed is an improvement in the personnel. Unfortunately, salaries in the FDA are not commensurate with responsibilities.

The FDA usually recognizes the principle that risk should be proportionate to benefit. For example, most drugs used in the treatment of cancer cause significant toxicity, whereas sedatives should be free of harmful side effects. The FDA's recent action on drugs for AIDS is consistent with this principle of risk vs. benefit.

The efficacy requirements are vital to public health and should not be changed. If a truly breakthrough drug should appear, the FDA will recognize it and act accordingly.

There is more profit to be made from minor tranquilizers than from drugs used in the treatment of leukemia, epilepsy, Parkinsonism, etc., and manufacturers know this. One result is that the FDA review process is swamped by drugs of little or no therapeutic merit.

M. J. SCHIFFRIN
Port St. Lucie, Florida

Gringo Shadows

To the editors:

In his article on the upcoming scheduled election in Nicaragua, Tom Gjelten refers to "the debacle of the 1984 elections—whose legitimacy was marred when the opposition parties boycotted them" ("Defeat Without Agony," August 28). He does not mention that there is evidence that some Nicaraguan opposition leaders were encouraged to boycott the 1984 election with bribes from the U.S. Embassy.

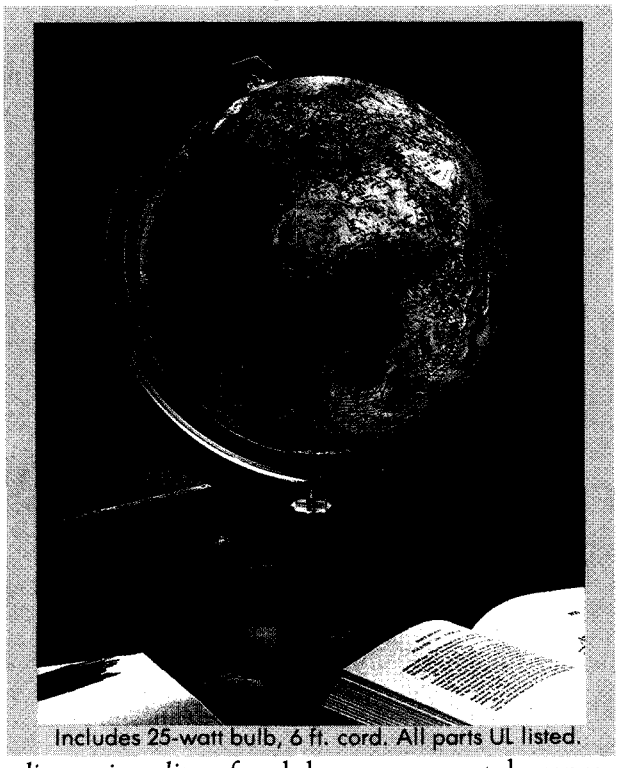
STEPHEN J. FROMM
Cambridge, Massachusetts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT LIGHTS UP IN THE DARK!

Barnes and Noble Proudly Presents MERCURY—A World Class Illuminated Globe.

A globe is like an encyclopedia or Bible— no educated home is complete without one. Maps are all very well and good, but only the *three-dimensionality* of a globe can accurately represent the shape and proportions of our planet— it's a "hands-on" geographical learning aid the whole family can use.



Includes 25-watt bulb, 6 ft. cord. All parts UL listed.

And now your family can enjoy discovering a *new* world with the Mercury *Illuminated* Globe— an impeccably detailed, 18" tall model of our planet made in Italy by Nova Rico, the premier globe-makers of Europe.

Two Globes in One

Exquisitely designed and perfectly executed, the *Mercury* is actually two globes in one! Before you switch it on, it offers a comprehensive view of the earth's physical surface, including its topography, elevations, vegetation patterns, ocean currents plus latitude, longitude and international date lines as well as 3,600 place names— everything from the tallest peaks to the tiniest islands!

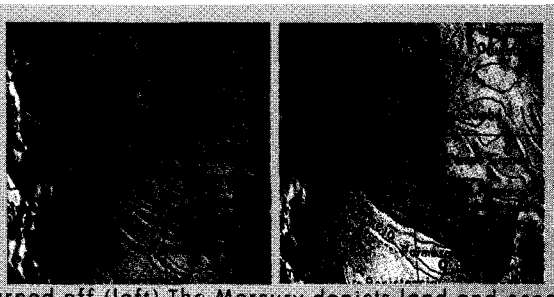
As if all that weren't enough, switch the *Mercury* on, and its illuminated surface takes on an entirely new dimension. Here you will see the political world— the most current national boundaries and international borders— revealed *in 8 brilliant colors!* Clearly, no conventional globe can match the unique, exciting appeal of the *Mercury*.

PRICE BREAKTHROUGH!
Suggested List $48.95

NOW ONLY
$29.95

An Earthshaking Bargain

Now it's easier than ever to let the *Mercury* light up your home. Only Barnes & Noble is able to offer this outstanding globe— normally sold for $48.95— for the astonishingly low price of ONLY $29.95! Never before— and probably never again— will a globe of such high quality be offered at such a low price.



Turned off (left) The Mercury depicts land and ocean topography—switched on (right) the political world, including current boundaries and international borders, is revealed in eight vivid colors.

Don't Miss Out on This Great Offer

Have you put off buying a globe for your family or yourself? Or have you noticed that the globe you have now doesn't reflect the vast changes of recent history? If so, this is your opportunity to own a globe that is not only beautiful, but completely accurate and up-to-date as well. So don't delay— order yours today!

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-242-6657
CALL ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. G483
126 FIFTH AVE.
NY, NY 10011

1430917. Please send me _____ Mercury Illuminated Globe(s) at your special sale price of only $29.95 (plus $3.00 each shipping and insurance). **Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%).**

NAME

ADDRESS APT #

CITY/STATE/ZIP

☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

CREDIT CARD NUMBER EXP DATE

MO YR

SIGNATURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Being There

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL WHEN things are bad in Beirut: the sidewalk cafés are described as "deserted." Not, mind you, "destroyed," or even "closed." Deserted. The Muslim west is without water, the Christian east is without food, there is no power or gasoline, the streets are clogged with debris and blasted cars, a putrid odor is in the air, probably from bodies beneath the wreckage in which whole quarters lie. As many as 80 shells per minute have been flying through the air, and as much as 90 percent of the populace has fled since March. Yet nobody, the wire services never fail to observe, sits sipping sweet black Turkish coffee or sweet white orange blossom water along Hamra. What's the matter with Beirutis? Have they lost their joie de vivre?

BEIRUT'S APOCALYPSE OVER THE last six months is among the most dramatic spectacles since World War II—the agony of a once-great city in apparent death throes—and it would be nice if the American media could at least get the combatants straight. One continues to read of the Muslim-Christian civil war there—an engrained paradigm. In fact, this battle is between a group of Lebanese (most but not all of them Christians) and Syrian President Hafez Assad, who has had 40,000 troops in Lebanon since 1976 and is playing Lebanese factions against one another with the clear intent of pocketing the nation. The only Lebanese faction unequivocally allied with Assad are the Druze. In March, Christian Gen. Michel Aoun announced that he would drive Assad from the country. His strategy? To sacrifice Beirut. Outnumbered 2-to-1 and without public allies other than Iraq, he seems to have decided to play toward Assad's penchant for unrestrained barbarity. The assumption was that this time, unlike in the case of Hama and its 20,000 dead (give or take 10,000), the West would stop Assad. Part of this strategy worked: much of Beirut and the adjoining Christian enclave lie in rubble.

WIRE REPORTS FROM BEIRUT'S brave stringers have often been amazing. Men and women running through blazing streets, carrying their wounded for miles to hopelessly overburdened hospitals; firemen rushing from fire to fire, though the city has been without water pressure for months; bomb-shelter courtships and marriages; well-diggers, half-mad with thirst, striking water and then drowning in it; TV and radio announcers breaking down on the air. Indeed, what remains of the populace seems increasingly psychotic. A radio station there has been signaling new rounds of shelling by playing the theme music from "Shaft." One report told of a woman who spent several days in a well-furnished bomb shelter trying to watch *Being There*. Between power outages, generator failures, and VCR breakdowns, it took her a week to get to the end-credits. Kosinski's novel, of course, is about TV's distortion of Western perception—of power, of person, of reality. Who knows? Maybe in those fuzzy 15 seconds of shelling you're watching on the news tonight, somebody in a shell-pocked building in the background is trying to keep his sanity by watching a parable of your misunderstanding of him.

MEANWHILE, WHATEVER HAPpened to Kabul? When the Soviets had an army in Afghanistan, the West had a comfortable morality play to watch, and it couldn't get enough of it. The Soviets were evil destroyers of villages and maimers of children; the rebels were brave men willing to sacrifice everything to defend tradition against communism. "Freedom fighters," the Voice of America called them, as if the Khyber Pass had become Bunker Hill. When the Soviets pulled out, the West brought down the curtain even though the stage was still filled with people and there were several acts to go. Yes, yes, the war went on, but our drama, which revolved around the Soviets and had almost nothing to do with the Afghans, was over. Reams of dispatches continued to come out of Kabul, but who cared? The tale was so cathartic that we even extended a postwar mantle of tragedy to the other side: the Soviet soldiers were like our Vietnam vets, ignored and unhonored. Terrible thing, war.

BUT HOLD ON. NAJIBULLAH STILL hasn't fallen, and, worse (or is it better?), some of the freedom-fighter leaders are killing each other's followers, and blaming the United States for their military problems. These leaders are creeping back into the news again, and for the first time ever, they have names. But they aren't people so much as they're characters. And the new dramatic paradigm that they constitute bears a remarkable resemblance to Iran—the drama of fundamentalist Islam's flaming sword. The Islamic nature of the Afghan resistance was actually noted repeatedly even while the Soviets were in the country, but it made for a bad pairing of conflicts; better for us that Afghanistan was a country of Jeffersons and Franklins. Of course, if the emerging Iran paradigm doesn't work out, there's another one possible and available: Lebanon.

THE AIR IS FULL OF THE VICISsitudes of exotic cities at the West's outskirts. Take Los Angeles. Its reputation as a wonderful place to live has plummeted lately; even Angelenos are reportedly expressing nostalgia for the cities they came from. The problem seems to be that the place is going to seed: too much trash in the street, too many cars on the streets and freeways, too much graffiti, too much crime, not enough reasonably priced housing, that sort of thing. Actually, the last time a wave of LA stories washed by, a couple of years ago, their theme was that Los Angeles had "come of age." The city was finally using its accumulated money for approved-of things: notable art collections that reflected knowledgeable selectivity, rather than the Citizen Kane-agglomerations of the past; impressive architecture, rather than the weird pairing of flamboyant kitsch fantasy and stuccoed chicken wire structures that had always marked its cityscape.

IN FACT, THE GOING-TO-SEED stories do not invalidate the coming-of-age stories; they confirm them. You show me a city where the middle class can live in relative peace and safety, without going broke, and I'll show you a place that is the butt of the culture's jokes. Peoria? Dubuque? Sioux City? How about Pasadena until a decade ago? How about Miami—LA's model? Until it developed a reputation for danger, it was a joke—Brooklyn's retirement community, filled with what was considered outrageously stupid architecture. No more. Send a few bullets flying through the air, spend some illicit money, displace the middle-classness with a mix of seediness and flash, and the place becomes irresistible. It gets style. This phenomenon isn't new. To the degree that " nice LA" and "nice Miami" had a popular literature, it was probably the tough-guy work of Raymond Chandler and Brett Halliday. We seem happier with a corrupted paradise. Chandler's and Halliday's novels were rocks in Eden's fields, stones from which the culture has now built cities of its own design. Reading the postcards we send ourselves from them is almost like being there.

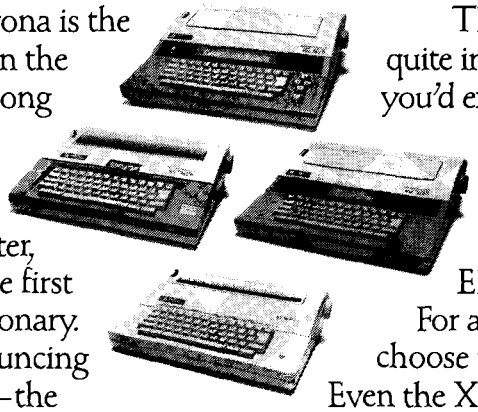
CHARLES PAUL FREUND

Charles Paul Freund, now with the *Washington Post*, originated the Zeitgeist Checklist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TWO MOST POPULAR WORDS EVER WRITTEN ON A TYPEWRITER.

It's not surprising Smith Corona is the number one selling typewriter in the country. After all, for almost as long as there have been typewriters, Smith Corona has been improving them. They introduced the first portable typewriter, the first electric portable, and the first portable with an electronic dictionary.



Now Smith Corona is announcing something equally remarkable—the XD 7600—a portable typewriter with cursor keys and therefore true word processing capabilities. Yet, for all its sophistication, the XD 7600 is a snap to use and quite easy to afford.

The compact XD 4600 is also quite incredible. It has advanced features you'd expect to find only on much more expensive models—like a 7,000 character internal memory, a 16 character display, and the 50,000 word Spell-Right® Electronic Dictionary.

For a typewriter with a larger display, choose the fully featured XD 5600.

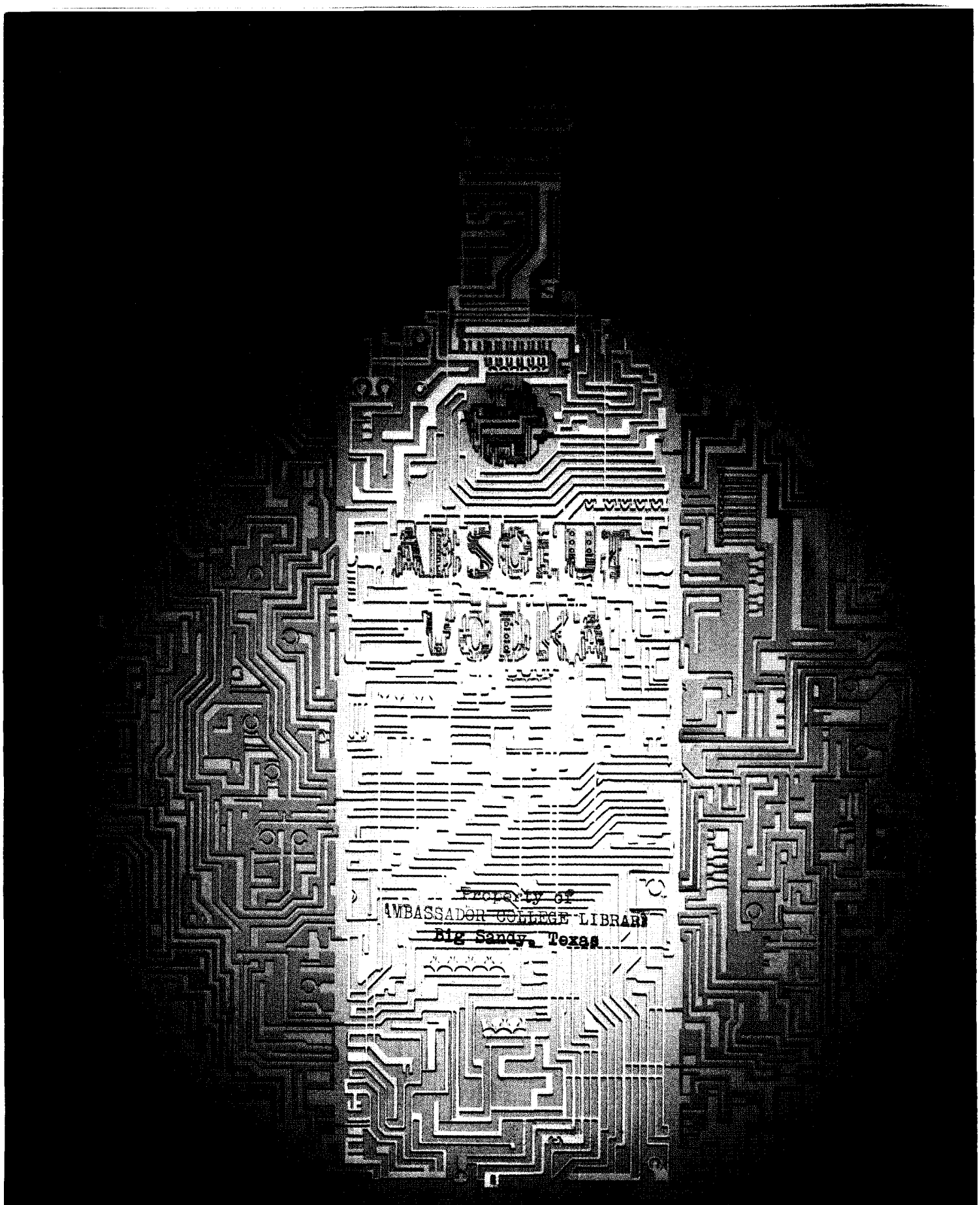
Even the XL 1500, our basic typewriter, has features like WordEraser® and full line memory correction.

In fact, you could say when it comes to typewriters, two words say it all—Smith Corona.

SMITH CORONA®
TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY AT YOUR TOUCH™

For more information on these products, write to Smith Corona Corporation, 65 Locust Avenue, New Canaan, CT 06840 or Smith Corona Canada, 440 Tapscott Road, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1B 1Y4.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

ABSOLUT INTELLIGENCE.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT* VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787.
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1989 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED